

The Constellation

"VARIOUS, THAT THE MIND OF DESULTORY MAN, STUDIOS OF CHANGE AND PLEASED WITH NOVELTY, MAY BE INDULGED."

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MISCELLANY.

THE CHARGE.

"Up! Guards, and at them!"
The Duke of Wellington, at Waterloo.

'Twas the evening of that day,
On the field of Waterloo,

When the sons of Gaul gave way

To our heroes firm and true;

It was then

While a parting sunbeam broke

Through the cloud of battle-smoke,

A gallant chief thus spoke

To his men:—

"My merry Englishmen;
Sons of Ireland, warm and true;
Brave Scotsmen from each glen,
And each hill with heather blue;

See the foe!

See the Gallic legions near,

See, they press to meet us here;

Let us check their proud career,

Or lie low!

Think upon each former day

When you met them in the field;

When their legions, proud and gay,

Were dispersed and forced to yield

To your might:—

Think on Salamanca's plain,

Think on every field of Spain;

Prove your courage once again

In the fight.

See the steel-clad cuirassier,

How he spurs his war-horse on!

And, hark! their legions cheer,

As though the light they'd won:

See, they come,

With their banners proudly streaming,

And their swords and bayonets gleaming,

While shrill the fifes are screaming

To the drum!

By your gallant sires of old,

Still maintain your country's fame;

Think, their battle-cry so bold,

Was—"To gain a glorious name,

Or die!"

Hark! our music's martial swell!

Each stirring note can tell

How they won, or nobly fell:

Such our cry!

That cheer, so loud and long,

Speaks the spirit which inspires

Your hearts with purpose strong,

Your fame and your brave sires

To enlarge.

You no longer brook delaying,

The cannons loud are braying,

And the battle-steed is neighing,—

To the charge!"

As he was getting in he asked the coachman where he intended to take him? the latter answered with the English proverb: "Things unknown to me, I am not concerned for."

"So it is an Englishman," said Thevenet to himself as they drove off. The carriage at last stopped.

"Who lives here? who is the patient I am to visit?" again asked Thevenet as he got out; he received the same reply from the coachman, and the impatient surgeon hastened into the house.

He was received at the entrance by a fine looking young man about twenty eight years of age, who ushered him into a large and handsome room in the upper story. His accent declared him English. Thevenet was able to converse with him in the language of his own country, and the following dialogue ensued between them.

"You have sent for me sir!" said the surgeon.

"I am extremely obliged to you for the trouble you have taken in coming here," answered the Briton. "Be so good as to seat yourself at this table, you will find chocolate, coffee, or wine, in case you would like to take anything before commencing the operation."

"First shew me the patient; I wish to be satisfied that an operation is necessary."

"It is necessary, Mr. Thavenet; pray be seated; I have entire confidence in you, only listen to me. Here is a purse containing a hundred guineas, I offer it to you as the fee for the operation you will perform, whatever the result may be. In case you refuse compliance with my wishes, you see this pistol, it is loaded, and you are in my power. As I hope for salvation I will blow your brains out!"

"Sir, I have no fear of your pistol; but what do you wish? speak without preface! what am I to do?"

"You must cut my right leg off."

"With all my heart, and your head too if necessary. However, unless I am much mistaken, your limb is perfectly sound. I saw you trip down stairs with all the activity imaginable. What can the matter be with your leg?"

"Nothing: but it must come off."

"Sir, you are mad!"

"That's no concern of yours, Mr. Thevenet."

"What harm could that handsome limb have done?"

"None: still you must make up your mind to amputate it."

"Sir, I have no acquaintance with you, give me some proof that you are in sound mind."

"Will you consent to my wishes, Mr. Thevenet?"

"As soon as you can assign any reasonable motive for the mutilation."

"I cannot now enter into any explanation—in a year perhaps I will. But I will bet you sir, that then you will say that my reasons for this seemingly extravagant conduct were most noble."

"It is impossible for me to comply, unless you tell me your name, place of abode, rank and family."

"You shall know all that at some future time, but not now. I beg of you to consider me a man of honor."

"A man of honor threatens not his surgeon pistol in hand. I have my duty to perform, even towards you, who are a stranger to me; my reasons for a refusal are sound. Do you wish to be the murderer of an innocent father of a family? fire!"

"Well, Mr. Thevenet," said the Englishman, taking the pistol, "I will not fire upon you, and yet I will compel you to cut this leg off. What you will not do through kindness to me, through love of gain or fear of a bullet, you shall do through humanity."

"How so, sir?"

"I intend to fracture my leg with this pistol, and that under your very eyes." The Englishman seated himself, cocked the pistol, and took deliberate aim at the knee joint. Thevenet rushed to prevent him.

"Approach not," exclaimed the Englishman, coolly, "if you do, I fire. Now only answer me this question, do you wish to increase or prolong my sufferings needlessly?"

"Sir, you are mad: but your will be done, I am ready to obey you."

"All was soon ready for the operation. As soon as the surgeon took his instruments, the Englishman lit his pipe, and swore he would smoke 'till it was over. He kept his word. The lifeless leg reposed upon the floor, and the Briton still smoked.

Thevenet performed the amputation in a masterly manner. Thanks to his skill, in a short time, the patient was perfectly well. He rewarded his surgeon, whom he esteemed more and more every day; thanked him with tears in his eyes for the loss of his limb; and sailed for England with a wooden leg.

UNEQUALLED LOVE.

About two months after his patient's departure the surgeon received the following letter from England:

"Inclosed you will receive a token of my boundless gratitude, a bill of exchange on my banker at Paris for 250 guineas. You have made me the happiest of men by ridding me of a limb which was an obstacle to my felicity."

"Learn now the reasons of what you termed my madness. You asserted there could be no justifiable motive for so singular a mutilation. I offered you a wager, and think you were right in refusing it."

"After my second return from the West Indies, I became acquainted with Emily Hartley, the most accomplished of women. I sought her hand, her fortune and family were agreeable to my parents; as for me I thought only of her heavenly charms. Ah! my dear Thevenet, I was soon happy enough to gain her affection, she sought not to conceal it, but still obstinately refused to make me blessed. In vain did I beseech her to accept my hand; in vain did her relations and friends second my request; she was inflexible.

"For a long time I could not discover the reason for her repugnance to a marriage which she herself confessed would make her happy; one of her sisters at last revealed the fatal secret to me. Miss Hartley was a miracle of beauty, but was so unfortunate as to have but one leg; she had in consequence condemned herself to eternal celibacy."

"My resolution was soon formed. I determined to become like her. Thanks to you, my dear Thevenet, my wishes were accomplished!

"I returned with my wooden leg to London. I hastened to gain intelligence of Miss Hartley; the report had been spread, and I myself had written to my friends in England that I had fractured my leg by a fall from my horse, and that amputation had been necessary. I was generally pitied. Emily fainted the first time she saw me; she was for a long time inconsolable, and at last consented to marry me. It was only on the morning after our union that I confessed to her the sacrifice by which I had become possessed of her. This avowal increased the intensity of her love. Oh my excellent Thevenet, had I ten legs to lose, I would give them all up without a sigh for Emily!"

"Whilst I live rely upon my gratitude. Come to London, stay with us, become acquainted with my charming Emily, and then say whether or not I was mad!"

CHARLES TEMPLE."

The surgeon answered the letter of his English friend in the following terms:

"Sir—I thank you for your generous present; for so I must term what you sent me, having been already magnificently paid for my trouble as you were pleased to term it."

"I wish you, as well as your charming wife, all imaginable happiness. True it is that to give a leg in exchange for a beautiful, tender, and virtuous wife is not too much, if happiness only lasts. Adam sacrificed one of his ribs, to become possessed of our general mother, and more than one man has laid down his life for the sake of his mistress."

"Notwithstanding all this, allow me to adhere to my old opinion. For the present doubtless you are right; for you are now in the honey moon; but at some future time you will assent to the truth of what I advanced."

"I beg your attention to what I am about to say, sir! I fear that in two years you will repent of having had your leg amputated above the knee-joint. You will think that to have had it cut off lower down would have been sufficient. In three you will be persuaded that the sacrifice of a foot would have answered all purposes; in four, that of the big toe; in five, the little toe; and at last you will confess that to have parted with a nail without necessity was a piece of egregious folly."

"All this I assert without in the slightest degree impugning the merit of your admirable helpmate. In my youth I would at any time have given my life for my mistress, but never my leg, for I should have feared

repentance for the rest of my days. Had I really done so I should every moment have said to myself: 'Thevenet you are a madman!'

I have the honor of being, sir,
Your very obedient servant,
G. THEVENET.

THE REPENTANCE.

In the year 1793, during the reign of terror, the surgeon of Calais, accused of being an aristocrat by one of his younger brethren who envied him his practice, was obliged to escape to London, to preserve his neck from the guillotine.

Without employment or acquaintances, he enquired the residence of Sir Charles Temple. It was pointed out to him, he sent up his name, and was immediately admitted. In a huge arm chair seated before the fire with a bottle of wine before him, sat a portly personage, his obesity was so great he could hardly rise.

"Ah welcome, Mr. Thevenet!" cried the huge Englishman, who was no other than Sir Charles Temple. "Be not offended, I receive you thus, but my cursed wooden leg won't allow me to do any thing. You have come no doubt, my friend, to see if in the long run you were not right."

"I am a fugitive seeking an asylum among you."

"You shall stay with us, for you really are a wise man. You will console me; do you know, my dear Thevenet, that I should by this time be Admiral of the Blue, had not this abominable wooden leg made me useless to my country. I spend my life in reading the newspapers, and in cursing that I am no where when every body else is acting. Remain here, you shall comfort me."

"Your charming wife can doubtless do that better than me."

"Oh! as for that, no. Her wooden leg prevents her from gadding about and dancing, so she has given herself up to cards and scandal. There is no possibility of living with her; in other respects, she is a good enough woman."

"What! I was right then?"

"Oh! a thousand times, my dear Thevenet; but silence on that subject, I was a fool. Had I my leg again, I would not part with the paring of a single nail! betwixt ourselves, I must have been crazy, but keep that to yourself."

SNOW STORMS AT BUFFALO.—The Oswego Palladium thus remarks on a portion of an article relative to emigration, by Mr. Jennings, of this city.

Mr. Jennings says "it commenced snowing at Buffalo on the 17th of Nov. 1831, and continued to snow for forty-two days in succession, when it was six feet deep." We doubt whether our friend Mr. Jennings is as good a natural philosopher as the Shepherd Corin, who made the notable discovery that a great cause of the night was a lack of the sun, and who doubtless as well knew, that a great cause of a deep snow, was a plenty of it. But six feet of snow after forty-two days labor, is the greatest abortion we have heard of since the delivery of *Misop's* mountain. If it had been an honest Dutchess county snow, we venture to affirm after allowances for wastage and package, that the deposit would not been less than six and thirty feet upon the winding up of the business. We once heard of a Great Bull in the Buffalo country, the hairs upon whose back were as far apart as neighbours in the new countries. The flakes of Mr. Jennings' Buffalo snow storm, probably enjoyed a like juxtaposition, which occasions the so generally diffused knowledge of that remarkable phenomenon.

AN EXCUSE.—A wag was reprimanded by his father one morning, for having been intoxicated the night previous. He denied it. "What was the matter then?" asked his parent; "what made you stagger so?" "Why sir," replied the son, "I had on a treacherous pair of boots."—*Gazette.*

MARRIED.—On the 16th ult. by the Rev. T. W. Newman, Mr. Andrew Sale, to Miss Lucy Fortune, of Prince William County, Va.

In "auld lang syne, fu' well I ken,"
There was nae muckle siller,
For a' your goods and chattels then
Ye'd scarcely get a diller:
But now the pence are mony mair,
To buy folks never fail—
Then banish a' your thoughtfu' care,
Miss Fortune's found a Sale.

THE CON STELLATION

ENGLAND AND THE ENGLISH.

By E. L. Bulwer, Esq., M.P.

Though our author has indulged in some humorous and not unfounded remarks upon what are called matter-of-fact men, we are disposed to begin our review of his work by an adherence to that order of persons. It is a fact that we have only seen the first volume; it is a fact that we have only read the first book in that volume, 127 pages—the View of the English Character; it is a fact that we do not entirely agree with some of the opinions; and it is a fact that we are extremely delighted with what we have read, as exhibiting an overflow of talent, acute and sensible observation, a felicitous and happily pointed style, an originality and depth of thought, and a sub-acid *current* (to make a full) of *dry* drollery which relaxes the muscles and refreshes the mind, and injuries not the less grave and important for being thus relieved.

It is a fact that we hold the *Literary Gazette* in honour bound not to censure what it may mislike in unpublished productions confided to its early consideration and criticism; and therefore we shall here simply question the taste and propriety of running a quiz through these essays, however unobjectionable in manner and spirit, upon the foreign nobleman, Prince Talleyrand, to whom they are ‘inscribed.’ This is, nevertheless, amusing, and can hardly, we think, be ill taken by the extraordinary individual to whom it applies.

In principle, Mr. Bulwer, though somewhat severe on the aristocracy, shews himself as far above the desolating tenets of radicalism. If he reprove folly, error and profligacy, he does not countenance mischief, robbery, and confusion. But we will not describe; we will gratify the public by doing what we can, at a late and hurried hour, and with an imperfect acquaintance with the whole design, to shew how ably he has performed his task, to anticipate the measure of popularity which awaits him, and to illustrate what, so far as we can judge, is a publication of a genius *per se* in the English language.

We offer a selection of sentences—national characteristics and pithy comments.

The English now.—‘Those changes which have wrought such convulsions in states have begun by revolutions in the character of nations; every change in a constitution is occasioned by some change in the people. The English of the present day are not the English of twenty years ago.’

Illustration.—‘I remember to have read in an ancient writer, of a certain district in Africa remarkable for a fearful phenomenon. In that climate,’ says our authority, ‘the air seemed filled with gigantic figures of strange and uncouth monsters fighting (or in pursuit of) each other. These apparitions were necessarily a little alarming to foreigners, but the natives looked upon them with the utmost indifference.’ Is not this story an emblem of national prejudices? The shadowy monsters that appal the stranger seem ordinary enough to us; we have no notion of a different atmosphere, and that which is a marvel to others, is but a common-place to ourselves.’

Independence.—‘It is an old maxim enough among us, that we possess the sturdy sense of independence, —we value our-selves on it; yet the sense of independence is often but the want of sympathy with others. There was a certain merchant sojourning at an inn, whom the boots by mistake called betimes in the morning. ‘Sir,’ quoth the boots, ‘the day is breaking.’ The merchant turned round with a grim look.—‘Let it break,’ growled he, ‘it owes me nothing!’ This anecdote is rather characteristic: it shews the connexion between selfishness and independence.’

Respectability.—Our ‘favourite word is ‘respectability,’ and the current meaning of ‘respectability’ may certainly exclude virtue, but never a decent sufficiency of wealth: no wonder, then, that every man strives to be rich—

‘Et propter vitam vivendi perdere causas.’

Aphorism.—‘The laws of a nation are often the terrible punishment of their foibles.’

The use of Appearances.—‘It very often happens that our notions of the elements of a good character are any thing but just. We sometimes venerate a Saint where your Excellency would recognize a Maw-worm.’

Mistake.—‘We often seem to imagine that the property of the mind resembles the property of sea water, and loses all its deleterious particles when once it is fairly frozen.’—How often is this human frigidity, the parent of Correctness, prized above nobler qualities—and few can be more ignoble! It is a question whether a vicious warm, or a virtuous cold being is the most hateful member of society.’

Just Maxim.—‘A people who respect what they consider good, sooner or later discover in what good really consists. Indifference to moral character is a vice; a misunderstanding of its true components is but an error.’

A hit at the Aristocracy.—‘Our nobles have had ambition, that last infirmity of noble minds, and they have been accordingly accustomed to vie with each other in those singular fantasies of daring vulgarity with which a head without culture amuses an idleness without dignity. Hence, while we have boasted of our common sense, we have sent our young noblemen over the world to keep up that enviable reputation by the most elaborate eccentricities.’

A National (Historical) Trait.—‘A political speculator presents nothing interesting to us, unless we behead him; even then he travels down to posterity merely on the festive brevity of a toast. We would fight for the cause for which Sidney bled on the scaffold,

fold, but we would not, for the life and soul of us, read a single chapter of the book in which he informs us what the cause was.’

Practical Men!—‘Practical men are prejudiced men; usually knowing the details of their own business well, they are astonished at the presumption of men who think to improve the principle.’

Good Taste!—‘Good taste is a very favourite phrase with the English aristocracy; they carry it to the pulpit and the House of Commons—‘Such a man preached in very good taste;’ or, ‘in what excellent taste So-and-so’s speech was.’ Good taste applied to legislation and salvation—what does the phrase mean? Heaven knows what it means in the pulpit; in the House of Commons, it always means flattering the old members, and betraying impudence modestly.’

We have dealt now sufficiently with Mr. Bulwer as a *discour* of no ordinary genius; our remaining illustrations, to do him justice, must be more extended, though still we must limit ourselves. In the following we most entirely concur (con-dog-Johnson!) with him. It has long been almost a passionate opinion with us, that the denial of fitting recreation to the poorest orders, and even the not providing them with means to gratify the natural appetite for amusement, is one of the grossest oversights of an enlightened administration. If instead of ‘Beware of trespasses,’ ‘Man-traps and spring-guns are set in these grounds,’ ‘Commit no nuisance,’ ‘Any one trespassing on these premises will be prosecuted with the utmost rigour of the law,’ &c. &c. &c., placarded over city and country, we had places open to entertainment, invitations to innocent walks and enjoyment, games, fairs, (not proscribed, but well regulated,) and even public spectacles and shows provided for those who have not the means of purchasing the smallest pleasures, it would do more to extinguish discontent, and make a satisfied people, than the bitterest penal statutes, and the most tiresome labours of theoretical philanthropists.

INFLUENCE OF AMUSEMENTS.

Amusement (says Mr. Bulwer) keeps men cheerful and contented—it engenders a spirit of urbanity—it reconciles the poor to the pleasures of their superiors, which are of the same sort, though in another sphere; it removes the sense of hardship—it brings men together in those genial moments when the heart opens and care is forgotten. Deprived of mere gentle relaxations, men are driven to the alehouse,—they talk over their superiors—and who ever talks of others in order to praise them? they read the only cheap papers permitted them, not usually the most considerate and mild in spirit;—their minds in one respect are benefitted: for they advance, even by this intercourse, in their progress to better government; but they clog this benefit by a rancour to all its obstacles, which is at once natural and to be lamented. Woe to the legislator who succeeds, by vexatious laws and petty tyrannies, in interdicting enjoyment to those who labour!—above all, in an age when they have discovered what is due to themselves; be will, indeed, expedite reform—that if to legislators be an agreeable contemplation—but it will be by souring and exacerbating the spirit which exerts it!

VITALITY OF ERROR.

Apologising for writing about England, and demolishing some of the false theories respecting it, Mr. Bulwer says, well—Heaven knows I have demolished them, ‘there is a wonderful vigour of constitution in a popular fallacy. When the world has once got hold of a lie, it is astonishing how hard it is to get it out of the world. You beat it about the head till it seems to have given up the ghost; and lo! the next day it is as healthy as ever again. The best example of the vitality of a fine saying which has the advantage of being a fallacy, is in the ever hackneyed piece of nonsense attributed to Archimedes; viz., ‘that he could move the earth, if he had any place at a distance from it, to fix a prop for his lever.’ Your Excellency knows that this is one of the standard illusions, one of the necessary stock in trade, for all orators, poets, and newspaper writers; and persons, when they meet with it, take Archimedes for an extraordinary great man, and cry, ‘Lord, how wonderful!’—Now, if Archimedes had found his place, his prop, and his lever, and if he could have moved with the swiftness of a cannon ball, 480 miles every hour, it would have taken him just 44,963,540,000,000 years to have raised the earth one inch! And yet people will go on quoting absurdity as gospel; wondering at the wisdom of Archimedes.’

NATIONAL CHARACTERISTICS.

I think I need take no pains to prove the next characteristic of the English people—a characteristic that I shall but just touch upon, viz., their wonderful spirit of industry. This has been the saving principle of the nation, counteracting the errors of our laws, and the imperfections of our constitution. We have been a great people, because we have been always active; and a moral people, because we have not left ourselves time to be vicious. Industry is, in a word, the distinguishing quality of our nation, the pervading genius of our riches, our grandeur and our power. Every great people has its main principle of greatness, some one quality, the developing, and tracing, and feeding, and watching of which has made it great. Your Excellency remembers how finely Montesquieu has proved this important truth, in the *Grandeur et Décadence des Romains*. With France, that principle is the love of glory; with America, it is the love of liberty; with England, it is the love of action,—the safest and most comprehensive principle of the three;

* * Ferguson. Critics have said, ‘what a fine idea of Archimedes! but how much finer is the fact that refutes it! One of the sublimest things in the world is plain truth!’

for it gains glory without seeking it too madly, and it requires liberty in order to exist.’

Of one of the author’s more imaginative sportings with his ‘view,’ we shall now give an example.

POLITICAL PARABLE.

The last time Micromegas paid us a visit, he was struck by a singular spectacle. He saw an enormous giant, laid at full length upon the ground in the midst of a mighty orchard laden with fruit; chains were on his limbs, and weights upon his breast. The giant kicked most lustily against these restraints, and his struggles so convulsed the ground, that every now and then they shook plenty of fruit from the neighbouring trees; the natives stood round and seized the fruit as it fell. Nevertheless, there was far from being enough for the whole crowd, and the more hungry amongst them growled very audibly at the more fortunate and better fed. The compassionate Micromegas approached the throng—‘And who art thou, most unhappy giant?’ he asked. ‘Alas!’ said the giant, ‘my name is Industry, and I am the parent of these ungrateful children, who have tired me down, in order that my struggles to get free may shake a few fruits to the ground.’ ‘Bless me,’ said Micromegas, ‘what a singular device!—but do you not see my good friends,’ turning to the crowd, ‘that your father, if he were free from these shackles, could reach with his mighty arms the boughs of the trees, and give you as much fruit as you wanted? Take this chain,’ shouted some hundreds of the crowd; ‘impious wretch—it is tithes!’ ‘Well then, these cords?’ ‘Idiot!—those cords are bounties; we should be undone if they were destroyed.’ At this instant up they read a whole gang of elderly ladies with a huge bowl of opium, which they began thrusting down the throat of the miserable giant. ‘And what the devil is that for?’ said Micromegas. ‘We don’t like to see our good father make such violent struggles,’ replied the pious matrons; ‘we are giving him opium to lie still.’ ‘But that is a drug to induce him to shake down no fruit, and then you would be starved—spare him the opium at least.’ ‘Barbarous monster!’ cried the ladies, with horror, ‘would you do away with the poor laws?’ ‘My children,’ said the poor giant, well nigh at his last gasp, ‘I have done my best to maintain you all; there is food enough in the orchard for fifty times your number, but you undo yourselves by the injustice of crippling your father. You mean well by me—you compassionate my struggles; but instead of giving me liberty, these good ladies would set me to sleep. Trust to nature and common sense, and we shall all live happily together; and if these orchards ever fail you, I will plant new.’ ‘Nature and common sense, dear father!’ cried the children; ‘oh, beware of these new-fangled names—let us trust to experience, not to theory and speculation!’ Here a vast rush was made upon those eating the fruit they had got, by those who in the late scrambles had got no fruit to eat; and Micromegas made away as fast as he could, seeing too plainly, that if the giant were crippled much longer, those who had laid by the most fruit would stand some chance of being robbed by the hunger and jealousy of the rest.’

The chapter V. is amusing, from drawing characters, the representatives of classes, which we cannot help identifying with persons who are floundering at the top of our living stream. From these we select two specimens, leaving the old squire, the rōue Whig politician, the old bone-grubber, &c. to the reader of the work. We take, first, the modern Radical.

THE MODERN RADICAL.

Samuel Square is of a new school of radicals; he is also a republican. He is not a philosopher, but he philosophises eternally. He liveth upon first principles. He cannot move a step beyond them. He hath put the feet of his mind into boxes, in order that they may not grow larger, and thinks it a beauty that they are unfit for every day walking. Whatever may be said by any man against his logic, he has but one answer—a first principle. He hath no supplex in him. He cannot refute an error. He stateth a truism in reply, that bath no evident connexion with the matter in dispute. He thinketh men have no passions; he considereth them mere clockwork, and he taketh out his eternal first principle as the only instrument to wind them up by. He is assured that all men of all classes, trades, and intellects, act by self-interest, and if he telleth them that their interest is so-and-so, so-and-so will they necessarily act. In vain you shew him that he never yet hath convinced any man—he replieth by a first principle, to prove, in spite of your senses, that he hath. He has satisfied himself, and demands no further proof. He is of no earthly utility, though he has walled himself with a supposed utilitarianism. He cannot write so as to be read, because he conceives that all agreeable writing is full of danger. He cannot speak so as to be understood, precisely because he never speaks but in syllogisms. He hath no nith and succulence in him—he is as dry as a bone.

* * * by system—he never was in seth a cheerful glass; nay, upon vegetable food. He lies with you, but is a great ople to be born a thousand relieveth any one; he never only reasoneth with every smallest inch he can find. If he was ever married, I the father who, advertising away daughter, begged her, to her disconsolate parents, of the tea-chest. What is, that while he thinks all the dingly foolish, he yet believes

that they are only to be governed by reason. You will find him visiting a lunatic asylum, and assuring the madman that it is not rational to be insane. He knoweth not one man from another; they seem to him as sheep or babies seem to us—exactly alike. He thinketh that he ought to have a hand in public affairs—the Almighty forbid! This is a scion from the tree of the new Radicals. He hath few brethren; he calleth himself a philosopher, or sometimes a Benthamite. He resembleth the one or the other as the barber’s block resembleth a man.—He is a block.

Another class:—

THE EXQUISITE.

‘Lord Mute is an English elegant—a dandy. You know not what he has been. He seems as if he could never have been a boy; all appearance of nature has departed from him. He is six feet of vanity enveloped in cloth! You cannot believe God made him—Stulz must have been his Frankenstein. He dresses beautifully—let us allow it—there is nothing *outré* about him; you see not in him the slovenly magnificence of other nations. His linen—how white! His shirt-buttons—how regularly set in! His colours—how well chosen! His boots are the only things splendid in his whole costume. Lord Mute has certainly excellent taste; it appears in his horses, his livery, his cabriolet. He is great in a school of faultless simplicity. There can be no doubt that in equipage and dress Englishmen excel all other Europeans. But Lord Mute never converses. When he is dressed, there is an end of him. The clock don’t tick as it goes. He and his brethren are quiet as the stars—

In solemn silence all

Move round this dark terrestrial ball. Lord Mute speaks, indeed, but not converses. He has a set of phrases, which he repeats every day:—‘he can hum thrice, and buzz as often.’ He knows nothing of politics, literature, science. He reads the paper—but mechanically; the letters present to him nothing to be remembered. He is a true philosopher: the world is agitated—he knows it not: the roar of fierce democracy, the changes of states, the crash of thrones, never affect him. He does not even condescend to speak of such trifles. He riseth to his labour, dresseth, goeth out, clubbeth, dineth, specketh his verbal round, and is at the opera brilliant and composed as ever—

* * * The calm of heaven reflected on his face! He never putteth himself into passions. He laughs not loudly. His brow wrinkles not till extreme old age. He is a spectator of life from one of the dress boxes. Were a *coup-de-soleil* to consume his whole family, he would say with Major Longbow, ‘Bring clean glasses, and sweep away your mistress.’ That would be a long speech for him. Lord Mute is not an unpopular man—he is one of the inoffensive dandies. Lord Mute, indeed, is not—it is his cabriolet and his coat that are. How can the most imitable person hate a coat and a cabriolet?

We pass Sir Paul Snarl, a dandy of the opposite, i.e. offensive, kind, in order to copy the excellent sketch of Mr. Bluff:—

THE PRACTICAL MAN.

‘Mr. Bluff is the last character I shall describe in this chapter. He is the sensible, practical man. He despises all speculations, but those in which he has a share. He is very intolerant to other people’s hobby-horses; he hates both poets and philosophers. He has a great love of facts; if you could speak to him out of the multiplication table, he would think you a great orator. He does not observe how the facts are applied to the theory; he only wants the facts themselves. If you were to say to him thus, ‘When abuses arise to a certain pitch, they must be remedied,’ he would think you a shallow fellow—a theorist; but if you were to say to him, ‘One thousand pauper children are born in London; in 1823, wheat was forty-nine shillings; hop-grounds let from ten to twelve shillings an acre; and you must, therefore, confess that, when abuses arise to a certain pitch, they must be remedied.’ Mr. Bluff would nod his wise head, and say to his next neighbour, ‘That’s the man for my money; you see what a quantity of facts he puts into his speech?’ Facts, like stones, are nothing in themselves, their value consists in the manner they are put together, and the purpose to which they are applied. Accordingly, Mr. Bluff is always taken in. Looking only at a fact, he does not see an inch beyond it, and you might draw him into any imprudence, if you were constantly telling him, ‘two and two made four.’ Mr. Bluff is wonderfully English. It is by ‘practical men’ that we have ever been seduced into the wildest speculations; and the most preposterous of living theorists always begins his harangues with—‘Now, my friends, let us look to the facts!’

Here we should conclude, but we cannot deny ourselves the relaxation of the contrast between the exalted swindler and the common thief, so worthy of the discriminating pen of ‘Paul Clifford.’ It is introduced by a vivid portrait of a Mr. Warm.

THE RESPECTABLE MAN.

‘But who is this elderly gentleman, with a portly figure? Hush! it is Mr. Warm, ‘a most respectable man.’ His most intimate friend failed in trade, and went to prison. Mr. Warm forewore his acquaintance; it was not respectable. Mr. Warm, in early life, seduced a young lady; she lived with him three years; he married, and turned her off without a shilling—the connexion, for a married man, was not respectable. Mr. Warm is a most respectable man; he pays his bills regularly—he subscribes to six public charities—he goes to church with all his family on a Sunday—he is in bed by twelve o’clock. Well, well, all that’s very proper; but is Mr. Warm a good fa-

ther, a good friend, an active citizen? or is he not avaricious, does he not love scandal, is not his heart cold, is he not vindictive, is he not unjust, is he not unfeeling? Lord, sir, I believe he may be all that; but what then? every body allows Mr. Warm is a most respectable man.

Such a character and such a reputation are proofs of our regard for appearances. Aware of that regard, behold a real imitating the metaphorical swindler. See that gentleman, 'fashionably dressed,' with a 'military air,' and 'prepossessing exterior'; he calleth himself 'Mr. Cavendish Fitzroy'—he taketh lodgings in a genteel situation—he ordereth jewels and silks of divers colours to be sent home to him—he elopeth with them by the back way. Mighty and manifold are the cheats he hath thus committed, and great the wailing and gnashing of teeth in Marylebone and St. James's. But, you say, surely by this time, tradesmen with a grain of sense would be put on their guard. No, my dear sir, no; in England we are never on our guard against 'such respectable appearances.' In vain are there warnings in the papers and examples in the police court. Let a man style himself Mr. Cavendish Fitzroy, and have a prepossessing exterior, and he sets suspicion at once to sleep. Why not? is it more foolish to be deceived by respectable appearances in Mr. Fitzroy, than by the respectable appearances of Mr. Warm? But grandeur, in roguery at least, has its drawbacks in happiness; the fashionable swindler with us is not half so merry a dog as your regular thief. There is something melancholy and gentlemanlike about the Fitzroy set, in their fur coats and gold chains; they live alone, not gregariously. I should not be surprised if they read Lord Byron. They are haunted with the fear of the tread-mill, and cannot bear low company; if they come to be hanged, they die moodily, and often attempt prussic acid; in short, there is nothing to envy about them but their good looks; but you regular thief, ah, he is indeed a happy fellow!

—why, he changes his quarters, and Molly replaces Susan! But, above all, he has this great happiness—he can never fall in society; that terror of descending, which, in our complication of grades, haunts all other men, never affects him; he is equally at home in the tread-mill, the hulks, Hobart's Town, as he is when playing at dominoes at the Cock and Hen, or leading the dance in St. Giles's. You must know, by the way, that the English thief has many more amusements than any other class, save the aristocracy; he has balls, hot suppers, theatres, and *affaires du cœur*, all at his command; and he is eminently social—a jolly fellow to the core; if he is hanged, he does not take it to heart like the Fitzroys; he has lived merrily, and he dies game. I apprehend, therefore, that if your Excellency would look for whatever gaiety may exist among the English, you must drop the 'Travellers' for a short time, and go among the thieves. You might almost fancy yourself in France, they are so happy. This is perfectly true, and no caricature, as any policeman will bear witness. I know not if the superior hilarity and cheerfulness of thieves be peculiar to England; but possibly the over-taxation (from which our thieves are exempted) may produce the effect of lowering the animal spirits of the rest of the community."

A LADY'S MANAGEMENT.

We add the concluding sections of the strange history of the Count Chabert.

"During three days, the countess conducted herself admirably towards her first husband. She appeared to be bent upon effacing his recollection of the sufferings he had undergone, by attentions and kindness. She enchanted him. The night of the third day, she had gone up stairs, allowing, notwithstanding her endeavours to the contrary, some traces of anxiety to appear. Placing herself at her writing-table, she abandoned the mask of gaiety worn before Count Chabert, just as an actress does who retires to her dressing room after a trying fifth act, and falls half dead, leaving in the theatre an image of herself to which she no longer bears a likeness, she concluded a letter that had been partly written.

As M. de Ferraud had considerable estates to manage, he had attached to himself a ruined attorney in quality of secretary. It was a man more than clever, and admirably versed in all the resources of chicane; but the cunning practitioner had understood his situation about the count so well, as to make him honest as matter of calculation. He hoped to obtain some lucrative place through the interest of his patron, whose affairs he managed most perfectly. His conduct so completely gave the lie to his former character, that he passed for a calumniated individual; but the countess, with that ascendancy and finesse with which all women are, more or less, endowed, had penetrated the wily steward, and watched him skilfully. She knew how to manage him, and had already increased her fortune by following some of his suggestions. The letter she finished was for him. She requested him to go to M. Derville, to desire he would exhibit to him the documents relating to Colonel Chabert; and that, after taking copies of the essential parts, that he (the steward) would come to her at Grosley.

The missive was scarcely finished, when she heard the colonel's step in the corridor. He felt uneasy

about her, and came to see that all was well. 'Alas!' she said aloud, 'I would that I were dead! My situation is intolerable!' 'How so? what has happened?' 'Nothing! nothing!'

Then she rose, left the colonel, and went down to her femme-de-chambre, whom she sent to Paris with directions to give the letter to M. Delbecq, her steward, and to bring it back again after he should have read it. The femme-de-chambre set out, and the countess seated herself upon a bench sufficiently in view to make it easy for the colonel to find her.

Count Chabert was already seeking her; he hastened her, and took his seat upon the bench. 'Rosina, you have some hidden grief!'

'No reply.'

It was one of those fine, calm nights in June, that diffuse serenity. The air was pure, the silence profound. It was rather cool, and the voices of some children in the distance added a sort of melody to the sublimity of the landscape. 'You do not answer me.' 'My husband!' said the countess. She stopped, and then blushing deeply, asked him, 'How shall I express myself in speaking of M. de Ferraud?' 'Call him your husband, my poor thing!' replied the colonel, with a delicious accent of goodness; 'he is the father of your children.' The old soldier sighed. 'Yet,' she added, 'if M. de Ferraud asks what I am doing here—if he learns that I am shut up with a stranger, what can I tell him? Listen, sir; decide my fate—I am resigned.' 'Dear Rosina,' said the colonel, grasping his wife's hands, 'I have resolved to sacrifice myself to your happiness.' 'Impossible!' she exclaimed, with convulsive movement; remember that you must, for that purpose, renounce yourself, and in an authentic manner, too.' 'How?' said the colonel, 'will not my word content you?'

At this moment the scene had something solemn, and there was at the bottom of these two souls, the most fearful drama that the mind can picture. The word *authentic* fell heavy on the old man's heart, where it awakened involuntary suspicions; and be threw upon his wife a noble and calm look that made her blush, and then look down. The colonel dreaded lest he should be forced to despise her; and she feared to have alarmed the mild ingenuousness and severe probity of a man, whose primitive virtues and generous emotions were known to her. These ideas were only in their germ, but they cast a cloud over the features of both. The good understanding was, however, soon re-established between them. The distant cry of a child was heard. 'Jules, let your sister alone,' cried the countess. 'What, your children here?' 'Yes; I forbade them to trouble you.' The old soldier appreciated the delicacy of this proceeding, the feminine tact, so modest, so graceful, and he kissed the countess' hand. 'Let them come, then.'

The little girl ran up to complain of her brother. 'Mamma!' 'Mamma!' 'It was he that—' 'It was she who—'

Their little hands were stretched towards the mother, and the infantine voices mingled. It was a sudden and beautiful picture. 'Here are the dishonoured children, but they don't know it,' cried the countess, suppressing her tears. 'Is it you who make mamma cry?' said Jules, looking angrily at the colonel. 'Silence, Jules,' cried the mother, imperiously.

Both children stood silently scrutinizing their mother and the stranger, with a curiosity words cannot convey. 'Yes,' said the colonel as if completing a phrase mentally commenced, 'I ought to return to the grave. I've often said so to myself.' 'And can I accept such a sacrifice?' answered the countess. 'Men have died to preserve the honour of a loved object; but they have only died once, and you would die daily. No, no, that cannot be. If it were merely a question of *life*, it would be nothing but to sign a declaration, that you are not Colonel Chabert. Acknowledge yourself an imposter, your honour would be killed; for you must utter a falsehood at every hour of the day. Reflect, then. I would not have it so. But for my poor children, I would already have fled with you to the world's end.' 'But,' resumed Chabert, 'can I not live here in your little pavilion as a relation of yours? I am worn out like an unserviceable cannon, and all I want is a little tobacco, and the *Constitutionnel*.'

The countess melted into tears. It was a combat of generosity between the Countess Ferraud and Col. Chabert, and the soldier came off conqueror. One night, on seeing his wife—or rather on seeing a mother—in the midst of her children, seduced by the touching graces of a family group, by a country fireside, in twilight and in silence, he took the resolution to remain dead; and no longer scared by the 'authenticity' of a declaration, he asked how he should set to work to assure, irrevocably, the happiness of that assembly! 'Do as you will,' answered the countess; 'but I declare to you, that I neither ought, nor will have anything to do in the business.'

Delbecq had arrived some days before; and, in conformity with the instructions verbally given by the countess, had contrived to gain the old soldier's confidence. On the following day, Colonel Chabert accompanied the ex-attorney to Saint Leu-Taverny, where Delbecq had caused a notary to draw up an instrument so harsh in its terms, that the colonel rushed out of the room after hearing it read. 'D——n! a pretty fellow I should be according to that—make me pass for a forger!' 'Sir,' said Delbecq, 'I do not advise you to sign it. In your place, I would get ten thousand francs a year out of the affair. Madame de Ferraud would give it.'

The colonel threw a look of thunder at the retired scoundrel, and, impelled by a thousand conflicting sentiments, ran off with all the vigour of a young man,

about her, and came to see that all was well. 'Alas!' she said aloud, 'I would that I were dead! My situation is intolerable!' 'How so? what has happened?' 'Nothing! nothing!'

He had again become mistrustful—grew angry—then calm; and still running, entered the park at Grosley by the breach of a fallen wall; and at last seated himself in a kiosk, that commanded a view of the road to Saint Leu. It chanced that he trod gently when he approached the small room formed in the artificial rock on which the kiosk was built, and as the approach was by a gravel-walk, the countess, who sat in the upper structure, did not hear the colonel's step. In deep anxiety she turned her head towards the avenue leading to Saint Leu, and was too much pre-occupied about the success of an important affair, to be scared by the slight noise her husband made on the other side; neither did the colonel perceive that his wife was in the little pavilion above him. 'Well, Mr. Delbecq, has he signed?' asked the countess, on seeing the steward return alone to the other side of the ha-ha. 'No, madame; and I don't know what's the matter with him; but the old war-horse took the staggers!'

The colonel concentrated all his strength, and vaulted over the ha-ha, to apply a pair of the prettiest boxes on the ear that ever saluted the visage of a pettifogger.—'Add that old war-horses can still kick?' After this his anger evaporated, and he felt that he had not the power to re-cross the ha-ha. He came round to the kiosk by the park-gate, and went straight to the aerial cabinet, from which the coloured lattices presented the delightful perspectives of the valley. The countess, seated on a chair, maintained entire self-possession. Her physiognomy was impenetrable. She affected to dry her tears, and seemed to be playing with a long pink ribbon that formed the girdle of a muslin dress. Yet, with all her assurance, she could not help shuddering on seeing the venerable and honest soldier standing before her, his arms folded, his face pale, and brow severe. 'Madame,' after a look that forced a blush—'madame, I do not curse you; but—I despise! Now, I thank the hazard that separated us. I have no desire for vengeance, for I no longer love you. From you I want nothing; your children, who are playing and prattling below, shall not be disengaged. Rest assured, upon the faith of my word, which is of more worth than the scribbling of all the notaries in Paris—I will never reassert the name, to which perhaps I gave a lustre. I am no other than a poor fellow called Hyacinth, who asks nothing but a place where the sun shines. I will live in recollection. Adieu!' The countess threw herself at the colonel's feet, and tried to detain him by holding his hands, but he repelled her with disgust, ejaculating, 'Leave me!'

The countess made an untranslatable movement on hearing the steps of her husband recede; but, with that profound perspicacity bestowed by a high degree of wickedness, or by the acuteness of ferocious selfishness, she felt persuaded that she might live in peace upon the promise of her husband.

Chabert disappeared, and for a long time neither Derville nor the countess knew what had become of him. The poultry-dealer had failed, and was become a cabriolet driver. Perhaps the colonel, content with little, had adopted some industry of the same kind; or else like a stone thrown down a precipice, he had bounded from ledge to ledge, until he lost himself in the mire and rags that abounds in the streets of Paris.

Six months afterwards, Derville, not having heard from Chabert nor the Countess Ferraud, thought that they had certainly come to some arrangement, and that, in revenge, the latter had caused the instruments to be prepared by another law agent. Accordingly, he one morning computed the sum he had advanced to the said Chabert, together with the expense of the documents obtained from Germany, and, not knowing where his client was, he wrote a very polite letter to Madame de Ferraud, requesting her to reclaim from M. Chabert the amount of this outlay. The next day he received a letter from his former colleague, now the steward of the Ferrauds; who, upon the point of setting out for B. in quality of president of the Tribunal of First Instance, wrote him these desolating words:—

"SIR.—The Countess Ferraud desires me to inform you that your client completely abused your confidence; and that the individual who styled himself Count Chabert has acknowledged that he assumed that quality falsely. Receive the assurance, &c. "DELBECK."

"Upon my soul, then, there are people stupid enough to munch hay!" cried M. Derville. "Be humane, be generous, be philanthropic, and—a solicitor, and you are sure to be cheated. Here's a business that cost me—the devil take it!—I don't know how much!"

A year afterwards, he went to look for an advocate he wished to speak with, in one of the courts, and knowing that he was at the correctional police, he entered the sixth chamber at the moment the president condemned one Hyacinth to be imprisoned two months as a vagabond, and to be afterwards taken to the Saint Denis Depot of Mendicants; a sentence which is, according to the jurisprudence of prefects of police, equivalent to perpetual confinement. At the name of Hyacinth, Derville looked at the delinquent who was seated at the bar between two gendarmes, and instantly recognized the false Chabert.

The old soldier was calm, motionless, and rather absent; but in spite of his rags, in spite of the wretchedness imprinted on his face, there appeared a manly pride, and his look had a noble stoicism that a magistrate should have not mistaken. But there men become mere questions of law or of facts, as they are only units in the eyes of the statistician. Just as the soldier was taken to the strong room, in order to be afterwards led forth with the batch of vagabonds about

to be judged, Derville, availing himself of the privilege of his profession, accompanied him to the Greffe.* This room offered the spectacle familiar to the courts, but which, unhappily, neither legislators, philanthropists, painters, nor authors go to study. This ante-chamber of the Greffe was, like all the laboratories of chicane, a gloomy room with a musty smell, around which were the wooden benches blackened by the continual succession of unfortunates who come to occupy them from the depths of every kind of wretchedness. Not one of them but has kept his momentary rendezvous. A poet would tell you that the light of day was ashamed to shine upon this dreadful sewer of misery. There is no spot about it upon which some crime in germ has not rested; not a corner in which some unfortunate, who, driven to despair by the first stigma of justice on his *prima culpa*, has not commenced an existence, at the end of which the guillotine appeared. All those who fall on the *parc de Paris* rebound to this receptacle. The justification of various suicides is already written upon its yellow walls. This ante-chamber is like a preface either to the Morgue,† or to the Place de Greve.‡ At this moment, Colonel Chabert seated himself among a set of men wearing the horrible livery of want, silent at times, or whispering lowly; for there were three gendarmes on duty who paced up and down, their sabres clanging after them. 'Do you know me?' said Derville, standing before the old soldier. 'Yes, sir,' answered Chabert, rising. 'If you are an honest man,' resumed Derville, in a low tone of voice, 'how could you remain my debtor?' The veteran blushed like a young maiden, whose mother accuses her for the first time of clandestine engagement. 'How!' he cried aloud, 'Madame de Ferraud has not paid you!' 'Paid! paid!' said Derville; 'why she wrote to say that you were an impostor.'

The Colonel raised his eyes to the ceiling, as if to appeal through it to Heaven, his movement expressing a sublimity of horror, despair, and impatience. 'Sir,' said he, his voice sunk through emotion, 'obtain from the gendarmes the favour of allowing me to go into the Greffe; I will sign an order there which will certainly be paid.' Upon a word from a solicitor, permission was given him to take his former client to the Greffe. Hyacinth wrote a few lines, sealed his letter, and addressed it to the Countess Ferraud. 'Send this to her,' said the soldier, 'and you will be paid.' Sir,' he added, after a slight pause, 'if I have not evinced the gratitude I owe you for good offices rendered, believe me it is not the less here, (placing his hand upon his heart,) it is here, full and entire; but what can an unfortunate do?' How,' said Derville, 'did you not stipulate for an annuity?' 'Don't talk to me about that!' answered the old soldier. 'If you knew my indifference about the external life which most men hold so much to—when I think that Napoleon is at Saint Helena, while I wander about Paris which he made so grand—I can be a soldier no more. That is my only regret. In short,' he added, with a gesture perfectly infante, 'it is better to have luxury in one's sentiments than in one's clothes. I don't fear any body's contempt.' And the colonel returned to his bench.

Derville went away. When he arrived at his chambers, he sent his head clerk to Madame de Ferraud, who, on reading the letter, paid the sum due to M. Derville.

Conclusion.

In the middle of the month of July 1830, I went to Ris, in company with a retired solicitor. When we reached the avenue leading to Bicetre, we saw under one of the elms an infirm and grey-haired pauper, such as those who obtain the syndicate of beggars, and live at Bicetre, in the same way that the destitute females do at the Salpetrière. The poor creature—one of the two thousand—lodged in the 'Hospital for the Aged,' was seated on a stone, and seemed to concentrate his whole intelligence in an operation well known to the infirm poor, and which consists in drying the snuff on their handkerchiefs in the sun—to avoid washing, perhaps. This old man had an interesting physiognomy. He was clad in the dusky red dress which the hospital accords to its guests—a kind of satire upon liveries. 'Stop, Derville,' I said to my companion, 'look at that old man—isn't he like one of the chocolate figures the pastry cooks sell? And yet he is alive, and may even be happy!'

Derville took up his glass, looked at the mendicant, and betrayed a move of surprise. 'That old man,' said he, 'is a whole poem!' We passed on rapidly. 'Have you ever met the Countess Ferraud?' asked Derville, abruptly. 'Yes—she is a clever and agreeable woman.' The aged inmate of Bicetre is her lawful husband! The Count Chabert, formerly colonel. She has, I conclude, placed him in this hospital, instead of an hotel, simply because he reminded the pretty Countess de Ferraud of some secret defects,

* The office attached to every court of justice, and to every prison, in which the records and registers are kept.

† The bodies of persons found drowned, unknown suicides, and the casual killed, are brought to this gloomy depot, where they may be viewed through a glazed gallery by the public. The clothes of the victims, drenched usually with water or with blood, are also displayed, and more frequently lead to recognition than the disfigured corpse itself. It is so kept as to be less disgusting than any description would convey a notion of.

‡ Criminals were until lately exposed and executed on the Place de Greve, which is near the opposite bank of the Palais de Justice. The French Tyburn has been removed to an obscure barrier, to which the action (rare as it is become) of the guillotine seldom attracts a crowd. Of the amateurs of head-lopping, it has been observed at all times that the most numerous and eager spectators were females.

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and her original station of *femme de chambre*. I have in my mind's eye the feline look she cast on him at that moment." Having expressed some astonishment, Derville gave me the foregoing history, but with a number of details, and with a talent of narration which were not useless to me.

Returning to Biectre on the following day, I proposed to Derville that we should go to see Count Chabert. We took the way to the avenue, and found the old man seated upon the trunk of a tree. The poor object had a stick in his hand, and was tracing lines in the dust. On looking attentively at him, we perceived that he had certainly breakfasted at some place other than the establishment. "Good morning, Colonel Chabert," said Derville. "My name's Hyacynth; I'm No. 164, Seventh Ward." And he looked at Derville with timid anxiety—the fear of a dastard, or of a child. "You are going to see the man condemned to death," he said to us after a little pause. "He is not married." "Poor fellow!" said Derville; "will you have some money to buy tobacco?" The colonel eagerly stretched out his hand, with all the naïveté of a Paris beggar-boy. We each gave him a five franc piece, and he thanked us by a stupid stare, in saying—"Brave troopers!"

He next affected to aim at us, and cried in the tone of military command, but smiling the while: "Fire!" Then he made some arabesque with his stick. "The nature of his wound has brought on dote," said Derville. "He doting!" cried an old Biectrian, who was looking on. "No, no; there are days when it would not be safe to look crooked at him. It's an old buck, full of philosophy and imagination; but to day he has kept his Monday." Gentlemen, he was already here in 1818. It happened then, that the carriage of a Prussian officer was sent up the hill of Villejuif, empty. Its owner walked after with another, a Russian, or some such beast, and on seeing Hyacynth, who was with me by the roadside, he said, "There's an old light Bob, who was at Rosbach! I was too young to be there," answered the other, but I was old enough to be at Jena!" Upon which the Prussian and his friend passed on, without risking any further inquiries. "What a destiny!" I cried. "Emerged from the founding, he returns to die in the Hospital for the Aged Poor, having in the interval, helped Napoleon to conquer Egypt and Europe."

* The few influences given from time to time to some members of this House are paid on Monday mornings, and are generally spent at the neighboring "merry-shops" ten minutes afterwards.

THE CONSTELLATION.

N.Y., AUGUST 10, 1833.

THE DUTCH SKATER AND HIS HEAD.

The Dutch, as every body knows, have had the name for centuries of being remarkable skaters; but every body perhaps has not heard the following story. It was related to us by a friend of ours, who has a multitude of stories of all sorts and sizes, suited to every taste and calculated for every caliber; and he assured us upon his word of honor (for he never awoke) that this is equal in truth to any of the rest.

Many years since, on a bitter cold day in the early part of January, Peter Van Slidder a Dutchman, Louis Jean Jaques Skippette a Frenchman, Jonathan Going a Yankee, and some others, were amusing themselves with skating on the North River, near Albany. They were all famous at the sport. The Frenchman was remarkable for cutting capers on the ice; for leaping over, turning summersets, skating on one foot, and the like. The Yankee was no less skilled in his own way. He was particularly *cute* in cutting the letters of the alphabet, the figures in arithmetic, and various mathematical and mechanical diagrams, all of which he executed with particular neatness and accuracy. Others of the party also excelled in different ways; but for downright plain skating and strong and forcible going ahead, none equalled the Dutchman. He was by no means a swift-footed fellow on land; but, on the contrary, like most of his countrymen, was considered—to use a common expression—rather slow-moulded. But this native *vis inertia*, when once overcome, instead of retarding, very much facilitated his progress, and sent him forward, as the Yankee said, "as though the devil had kicked him an end."

The river had been but a short time closed, the ice was still rather thin, and here and there lurked a treacherous hole, the precise situation of which could not very well be foreseen. The skating party, however, for some time, had the good luck to escape these places. But when did ever human beings, deeply engaged in sport and emulous of excelling each other, listen to the dictates of prudence?

The skaters, in spite of the severity of the weather, had got warm with the exercise; and now, throwing care, cold fingers, and frosty feet to the dogs, gave themselves up to uncontrolled pleasure and delight. Peter Van Slidder, who was ahead of all his companions, in the heat of his triumph had cast off three of his seven pair of breeches; and now, looking back with his pipe in his mouth, exclaimed, as he dashed onward—

"Come on! come on, boys!—what makes you lack

soheit so, you lazy tocks—you pe's no shkaters at all. By heffens! you can't come minn a mile o' me."

These words were scarcely out of his mouth, when down he went into one of those hidden and treacherous holes. He sank at once up to his neck; and his momentum being very great, off went his head, as smooth as though it had been whipped off by a Turkish scimitar; or, to use the expressive language of Jonathan Going, "as slick as a whistle."

All were of course astonished, as well as grieved at this catastrophe. "The devil has got Peter now," said one.

"He has taken French leave," said another.

"French leave!" exclaimed Monsieur Skippette, "Diable! dat is no French leave—dat is no leave at all, but leave his head, begar!"

And sure enough he had left his head, as the Frenchman intimated—for, while the body went under the ice, the head remained above. But it did not remain stationary; for it kept on gliding over the ice at the same rapid rate that the whole body had gone previous to the separation. Nor did it cease to look back and smile in triumph, and call out, as before—"Come on, come on, boys! wot de tyfle you lack's so pehnt for, ha?"

"By gaul!" roared Jonathan Going, as he ceased cutting figures, "if that don't beat my aunt Eunice, then I'm mistaken. She stopped talking, as soon as she had cut off her head with a case-knife; but this fellow will never stop—he keeps talking the same as though his head was on."

"Sacré! diable!" exclaimed the Frenchman, his eyes sticking out of his head like those of a lobster—"he vil no stop de head—he run—he laugh—he talk—he smoke—he skute—he shallenge us—he do everyting vidout de body—he gar! he travel on vidout de leg, de foot—he no vo vant him at all—diabol! dam!"

"That is too bad," said the Yankee, "to be outcome by a Dutchman's head, I'll be hanged if taint—and then to be laughed at into the bargain."

"Mon Dieu!" said the Frenchman, who felt that his honor was concerned not to be beaten by a Dutchman's head, "I come up vid him, if I die for him; be gar! I no be done out by no head de Dutchman, be gar! Louis Jean Jaques Skippette be von homme vat no head beat, be gar! vidout de foot, be gar!"

As he said this, Louis Jean Jaques Skippette ceased cutting capers, and strained every nerve to come up with the Dutchman's head.

"Consarn it!" said the Yankee, "how that tarnal head does pull foot! But I'll catch it, by gingo, if I have to run a mile for it."

As the Yankee ended his speech, he also exerted himself to the very top of his speed. The rest of the party did the same, thinking, like the Frenchman and the Yankee, that it would be a great shame if they could not keep up with a man's head, when deprived of the body.

But their exertions were useless. The Dutchman's head still gained upon them, when—coming to another hole—up came the body, and the head united with it, apparently as sound as before.

"Donner!" exclaimed the Dutchman, as soon as the two parts came together, "I thought I had lost mine head!"

"And I thought you'd lost your body," said the Yankee—"but stop—don't be in such a tarnal hurry, or you'll like as not get into another hole."

"De tyfle!" said the Dutchman, stopping short, and blowing a long stream of smoke from his mouth, "I've had such a chase under de ice to keep up mit mine head, dat I'll not dry it again. Py kracious! I thought de teleshif head would outshkate me!"

"Be gar!" said the Frenchman, "he did skate out me, and Monsieur Going, and all—be gar! we could no come vid him up—be gar!"

"Well den, schentlemens," said Peter, "you owns dat I peat you, ha?"

"Oui," said the Frenchman, with a shrug of the shoulders.

"Why, darn it, yes," said Jonathan, with rather a mortified phiz—"and I wouldn't minded it, if you'd done it by fair skating."

"Fair shkatin! Donner! If so pe you had kome under de ice, as I tid, wit your head in one blace and your pody in anoder, you wouldn't tink it so fery easy peatin, I can shwear to you. So, schentlemens, I tink you must dread."

The company now acknowledged that the Dutchman's demand was but fair, considering all the circumstances of the case; and they agreed, *nem con*, to adjourn to a tavern, where they might thaw their feet and fingers, and have something to drink.

But how came the head and body to meet so exactly at the second hole? said we to our friend, as he came to this part of his story.

Why, that, he replied, is explained on the principles of natural philosophy. The velocity of the two parts being the same previous to separation, naturally continued the same afterwards by the impulse

already received, and therefore necessarily arrived at the second hole precisely at the same time.

But what held the head and body together after this reunion?" said we.

You shall hear presently, said the story-teller.—Well, in a short time the party arrived at the tavern, and liquors were called for. Some preferred one thing, and some another. As for Peter, he chose a strong brandy sling, as being best calculated to prevent his taking cold.

"Here is your sling, Peter," said the landlord—"but what's the matter with your head? It's turned sideways!"

"Sitewnys!" exclaimed the Dutchman, who till that moment was not aware that his nose was not, as usual, straight before him. Neither had his companions noticed the circumstance. They were no sooner, however, reminded of it by the landlord, than they all saw very plainly that Peter's head was indeed turned very nearly ninety degrees. This was easily explained from the fact that the head happened to be looking partly round at the very moment the body came up.

As for the Dutchman, he merely ejaculated "Donner!" once or twice, as he experienced the inconvenience of conveying the drink to his mouth in its new position; while the rest of the party informed the landlord of the strange accident which had happened. Mine host lifted up his hands and eyes in utter astonishment, and exclaimed, "The Lord have mercy on me! I never heard the like before." But there were two or three other persons present, who professed not to believe a word of the story.

The Yankee, the Frenchman, and each one of the skating party, asseverated the truth of what had been told, and were even, as they declared, ready to take their *Bible*-oath of it. The incredulous gentlemen, nevertheless, persevered in their disbelief, and a good deal of fierce dispute, pro and con, was the result.

"De tyfle!" exclaimed the Dutchman, "if so pe you no believes dat, den you no believes nottin. Dis drue—is dis every word drue."

"Oim," said the Frenchman, "tis true—be gar, 'tis true—diabol! dam! he is von grand lie, von false—vat you call de hood—von grand rascalle, vat dispute it."

As the liquor circulated freely, the dispute increased in warmth; and Monsieur Skippette, taking snuff violently, every now and then offered some to the Dutchman. The latter having his pipe in his mouth, and being unused to the "titillating dust," for some time declined the offer. But at last, cautiously taking a pinch, it caused such an irritation of his olfactories that he was fain to discharge them: whereupon, grasping his nose between his thumb and finger, blowing strenuously, and giving his hand a flirt, he threw his head behind the back-log.

"Dere!" said the Dutchman triumphantly, "do you believe it now?"

The incredulous gentlemen were obliged to knock under; and to acknowledge their entire belief of all they had heard.

It now only remains to say, the reason the Dutchman's head did not come off sooner, was, that it was kept on by the frost; and that the reason why it at last came off so easily, was, that the frost, on coming to the fire, was dissolved; and nothing could be better calculated for bringing about the final separation of the head and the body, than the strenuous blowing of the nose.

THE REMEDY WORSE THAN THE DISEASE.—Some very wise and cautious people in this city, have become fairly mad about the use of *chlorides*. Having understood, either from reading newspapers or from some other equally authentic source, that they are excellent disinfecting agents, they fancy they never can use enough of them. If a little is good, say these saucy reasoners, more is better, and the most is better still—you cannot have too much of a good thing. Governed by this kind of logic, they fill their back yards, their gutters, their cellars, and the like, full of chlorides, which emit the most villainous smell that the nose was ever assaulted with. The odor of sinks and seas-pools is as the otter of roses compared to it. And if such is the smell, the effect on the health is nowise beneficial; for it does not follow of course, that the counter-stench is more healthy than the original one. The excess of a chloride, beyond what is necessary to neutralize the bad effects of a filthy place, is so much positive evil, and no better than the filth itself. But the very best way is to remove the latter, and then it will not need neutralizing.

INDIAN ANECDOTE.—John Sequashequash, an Indian of one of the remnants of a tribe in Connecticut, was, some years since, brought before a Justice of Peace, on some charge or other, which we do not now recollect. John happened to be pretty drunk at the time, and instead of answering directly to the questions put by the Justice, merely muttered out—

"Your Honor is very wise—very wise—y-y-your Honor is v-very wise—I say."

Being unable to get any other answer from him, the Justice ordered him to be locked up till the next day; when John was brought before him perfectly sober.

"Why, John," said the Justice, "you were drunk as a beast last night."

"Drunk!" ejaculated the Indian.

"Yes, drunk as a beast. When I asked you any question, the only answer you made was, 'Your Honor's very wise—very wise—very wise.'

"Did I call your Honor wise?" said the Indian, with a look of incredulity.

"Yes," answered the magistrate.

"Then," replied John, "I must have been drunk, true enough."

A COW AND CALF.—A certain lawyer of this city was the other day telling a story, how once on a time a sleigh had run against a cow, knocked up her trotters, and upset her into the vehicle.

"Were you in the sleigh at the same time?" asked one of the auditors.

"Yes," answered the lawyer.

"Then," replied the wag, "there was a cow and calf together."

CONUNDRUM.—Why is a dandy, with a rattan, like long-tailed horse? Dye give it up? Because they both carry a switch. There is no other earthly resemblance. The horse is a noble animal.

ANOTHER.—Why is a silent semicircular tea-party like sweet music? Dye give it up? Because they are a dull set (dulcet).

KNICKERBOCKER.—The August number of this periodical contains a great variety of articles, most of them of a very readable character, among which may be named—A Sketch of the Druids, &c. by S. L. Knapp; Parables, from the German of Krummacher; The Light Balloon, by Hannah F. Gould; Phrenology, by Timothy Flint; Examination of Burke's Theory of the Sublime, &c. &c. In addition to these are sundry Literary Notices, which are written with considerable ability, but no very creditable degree of fairness, or discrimination of taste. Query, what does the author mean by a "powerful novel?" Is it powerfully *superior*? or is it, as they say in the Journals, "powerful weak?" The number is closed with a Historical and Miscellaneous Register, selected from various sources, by Edwin Williams; and with Biographical Notices. The Rev. Timothy Flint is announced as about to take charge of the work. As "good wine needs no bush," so the talents and reputation of this gentleman need no puff.

THE BOOK OF NATURE.—The Third number of this new Monthly publication of S. C. Atkinson, Philadelphia, is just received; the Second number we have not met with. Among the great variety of periodicals which weekly claim our notice, there is no one to which we can with more satisfaction direct the attention of our young friends than this "Book of Nature." Nor to them alone will the work prove interesting; it is adapted to all classes and all ages. The study of natural history when once entered upon can never be relinquished without regret—and this work, with its great variety of plates, will be resorted to by those who have been engaged in the study, as a useful remembrance of a favorite occupation. In the first number there are nine, and in the third ten finely engraved quarto plates, a few of them colored, with a concise but accurate description of every subject or figure.

The subscription price was originally \$5 for twelve numbers; single numbers 50 cents each. The Publisher in his last number states that in consequence of an increase of "popular reading," and "an omission of one or two items of expense in the first calculations," that subsequent to the 1st of August the subscription price will be \$6 per annum, 75 cents for a single number, or three numbers for \$2; Five copies for \$25. Even at the increased price we consider the work very cheap. Subscriptions are received by the Agent in this city, T. H. Jackson, 423 Pearl Street, of whom single numbers may also be purchased.

COMPLETE WORKS OF SIR WALTER SCOTT. Conner & Cooke, New York. The Second and Third bound volumes of this elegant edition are now issued. The contents of the Second are—General Preface; Appendix No. 1. 2. 3.; Waverley; Guy Mannering; Antiquary; Rob Roy; Black Dwarf; Old Mortality; and Heart of Mid Lothian. Contents of the Third—Bride of Lammermoor; Legend of Montrrose; Ivanhoe; The Monastery; The Abbot; Kenilworth; and The Pirate. This work will no doubt, in some shape or other, be found in every library, and we do not hesitate to recommend the edition of Conner & Cooke as the cheapest and most perfect in its mechanical execution. The expense to the publishers must be very great, and in an undertaking of this character, where their promises have been so faithfully fulfilled, they ought to receive an equivalent patronage.

FAMILY LIBRARY. *J. & J. Harper.* Since we last noticed this valuable work, several numbers have been issued—viz. Nos. 55 & 56. *Letters of Euler on Natural Philosophy*, in two volumes. Altho' the letters of which we have here a translation were addressed to a Lady, the instruction conveyed in them by so celebrated a Philosopher as Euler, and adapted to the present state of knowledge by another eminent man, Sir David Brewster, will insure for them an attentive perusal by every student and lover of science. The elucidation of the subjects is in part obtained by the use of cuts and figures interspersed throughout the letters. A Glossary is furnished at the close of the second volume, and many notes have been added by Dr. Griscom of this city.

No. 57. *Mudie's on the Observation of Nature.*—This is the production of the author of the "British Naturalist;" and he offers it to the public, not (as he remarks in a very modest preface) as a "Guide to Nature," but as "Hints of inducement to the Observations of Nature." The necessity and use of observation, its pleasure, and results, are all treated upon in a manner calculated to increase a love which almost every individual possesses for the study of Nature.

BOY'S & GIRL'S LIBRARY. *J. & J. Harper.* We have spoken so frequently in commendation of this most delightful series of readings for our young friends, that a repetition would appear unnecessary, except that in justice to our readers and the publishers, the names and titles of each successive number should be recorded.

Nos. 9, 10, and 11, comprise *Tales from American History*. The first volume is occupied with the principal facts in the life of Columbus, including his discoveries. The second, embraces a history of the conquest of Mexico and Peru, and many facts illustrative of the present state of those countries—the progressive discovery of North America. The authoress to whom we are indebted for a series of works of this character, which have established her fame, has by the present volume evinced anew her high qualifications for the laborious but most praiseworthy task of instructing the mind, and improving the morals of youth. The history is extended down to the period of Franklin's expedition—and the work is interspersed with several descriptive cuts, and concludes with a series of suitable questions to the readers of the history.

We again recommend the "Boy's & Girl's Library" to the attention of Preceptors and Guardians. We have met with no works better calculated for the use of young persons and schools.

DOGBERRY'S NOTE BOOK.

Character for veracity.—The Lowell Journal has the annexed police report, "Commonwealth vs. Hunnewell." This was a case of assault and battery, upon the person of a Mrs. Reed, who resides on Fenwick-street, and was the principal witness for the government. It appeared in evidence that Hunnewell had boarded a short time at the house of Mrs. Reed, whence he was discharged in consequence of improper conduct; and on the next day, calling at the house in the absence of the lady, was forbidden by the daughter to enter—whereupon he abused the daughter and afterwards the mother, by striking, kicking, &c. To rebut this, evidence was given on the part of the defendant to prove his inoffensive and upright general character. The character of Mrs. Reed, on the contrary, was proved to have been not quite so exemplary, and witnesses were examined whose testimony raised a strong doubt of the truth of her statements. The defendant was fined \$1 50 and costs of court, from which he appealed.

In the course of the examination the following amusing answers were made by a witness to the questions of the defendant's counsel.

Counsel. Do you know Mrs. Reed's genuine character for truth?

Witness. I know that she is a drunkard.

Counsel. That's not what I want. What do you know of her character for truth?

Witness. Why she's a drunkard, I know that for truth.

Counsel. Well, well, but her veracity, her credit, would you credit her statements?

Witness. No sir.

Counsel. Why.

Witness. Because she has already got credit for a grog bill that she won't pay at all!

THE COMMODORE'S SON.—The Norfolk Herald contains an amusing story, scene in this city, from which we copy as follows:

It is now nearly a quarter of a century since the warm hearted Dr. C.—one of Erin's favorite sons, in consequence of persecution for opinion's sake in his native country, emigrated to the city of New York, where he was received with open arms, and a kind and generous host, and promising to quit the

soon made himself "comfortable." He lived with all his feelings as they ought to be. His heart was always in the right place, and his head was seldom wrong. His countrymen of every description knew where to find a friend. When he had money, they shared—when he had none, he gave advice—which was always well meant. But to my story: The doctor had a servant girl named Kitty, (she too, was from the Emerald Isle) who had waited on us for months; and occasionally had a word or two with the visitors. After some time I missed her, and had just enquired what had become of Kitty for the last three weeks—when who should come in without knocking, but Kitty herself. All in the room spoke to her most kindly—the good old Doctor particularly. Many kind enquiries were made; she was employed elsewhere, and was doing well. Kitty walked near the Doctor, modestly bent her head, and the following dialogue took place, to which there were about six respectable witnesses, as the lawyers would say:

Kitty.—I want to kinsult ye, Sir.

Dr. C.—Well, Kitty, speak out, my dear, we are all friends here.

Kitty.—I've a notion o' gettin marrid, Sir, I have!

Dr. C.—Well, 'faith there's not much harm in that,

sometimes; but who is the fortunate man, Kitty?

Kitty.—Why, Sir, it's one Jemmy McLaughlin.

Dr. C.—Oh, ho! he's a countryman of ours, is he?

Kitty.—Yes he is, Sir—and there isn't a likelier boy amongst 'em!

Dr. C.—Faith, Kitty, I suspect you have made up your mind to marry him—whatever my advice may be?

Kitty.—Indeed I have, Sir—for they tould me that good husbands were scarce in this country, and I thought I'd better take him while I had the chance—fearin' somebody else might snap him up!

Dr. C.—Oh! by the powers—then it is all settled. But, Kitty, what's his business—his trade—how will he support you—what is he?

Kitty.—What is he? why, his father's a Commodore!

Kitty.—(quite nettled) Yes, 'faith, Sir, his father is a Commodore.

Dr. C.—A Commodore! Why, is he an English, Irish, or American Commodore?

Kitty.—I don't know which—but I know he is a Commodore.

Here the Doctor, much diverted, applied to all present for any knowledge they might happen to have of Commodore M'Laughlin—None had ever heard of him. Kitty was quite provoked. The Doctor soothingly asked her—"Well, Kitty dear, where does the Commodore live?"

Kitty.—He lives in Burling Slip, sir—he does.

Dr. C.—In Burling Slip!—Kitty, what does he do?

Kitty.—Why he loads vessels with staves, he does.

Dr. C.—My dear, may be he is a Stevodore?

Kitty, (not at all bothered)—Well sir—I believe it is Stevodore, but what's the differ?

The "Kin-sultation" here ended; amid as hearty a laugh as the most joyous could desire.—We all drank a glass to the good health of Commodore M'Laughlin's son, who soon took Kitty for better for worse.

A SEAMAN'S GRATITUDE.—Sailors not unfrequently figure in the newspapers, and not always, in their shore adventures, greatly to their credit. But there are many traits of nobleness about them as a class, which go far to atone for their eccentricities and errors.

One example will be found below. It is copied from the Norfolk (Va.) Herald. The tale is not less creditable to the generous landlord, than to his grateful guest—would that there were more like them both.

"During the prevalence of the Cholera last year in this Borough, a sailor of decent appearance called at Mr. W. S. Lacoste's boarding-house, and frankly told him he was adrift at the mercy of the elements, without a harbor ahead, or a shot in the locker, and if perchance he should be boarded by the Cholera, why, he must founder in the street, he supposed. Lacoste, who was never known to be backward in extending relief to a fellow creature in distress, and who perceived a warrant for the poor fellow's honesty in his countenance, readily tendered him a bed and a seat at his table, until it should be better times with him, which friendly offer Jack accepted with much joy.

Not readily meeting with a vessel to ship on board of, however, our hero became impatient, and after making a suitable acknowledgment of gratitude to his host, he watched all his motions, and on his return to the country was ready to follow him. On the other side of Hounslow, near the turnpike on Smallberry Green, the robber came up with the chaise, and passed it full gallop, but at the gate, not having a single penny to pay the toll, appearing confused, he took out his handkerchief and begged the turnpikeman to take it as a

score as soon it was in his power, he left his house and embarked for New York. Twelve months had now rolled on, and the sailor had entirely escaped from Mr. L.'s memory, when one day last week, a seaman, very neatly clad, and of a prepossessing countenance, called at his house, and without preface, thus accosted him:

"Here are \$200; I wish you to take as much of it as you want to pay yourself for your generosity to me, and keep the balance till I call for it. I am just off to sea, and if I should go to Old Davy, why you see, I had rather you should have it than anybody I know."

"Why, who are you, and what claim have I to your money?"

"Oh, then you have forgot the poor sailor you took out of the streets last year, and treated so kindly—but he has not forgot you." So saying, he forced the money upon his benefactor, adding—"I know if I get back safe, I shall find the money safe, and if I don't, why, keep it and welcome. And here (pulling a lottery ticket from his pocket) take this, and if it draws a prize, keep that too." Then giving Mr. L. a cordial shake of the hand, he left him and went on board his vessel, which in an hour after was under way for a foreign port.

In less than 24 hours after his departure, Mr. L. called at a lottery office to inquire the fate of Jack's ticket, when he had the satisfaction to learn that its numbers had drawn the handsome sum of \$1000—Jack's share of the prize money being \$250."

RULES FOR GOOD BREEDING.—Reader, whenever you enter a neighbor's house, never knock at the door, or ring the bell, but lift the latch, and bolt boldly in. It evinces a noble feeling of independence, and if you should catch your neighbor's wife in dishabille, or his daughter essaying a new pair of stockings, it is no matter,—such scenes occur in all families.

If you're a young man, when walking along the streets with two or three companions, link arm in arm, and you may thus have all the side walk to yourselves. If you should meet any ladies it will be a good joke to oblige them to turn out, jump into the mud, and sully their satin or prunella shoes. Mem. If you meet a gentleman and lady, it might be well to break your phalaux lest you should get your heads broken.

Gather in clusters at the corners of the principal streets on the Sabbath day, or at the entrance of a church, that you may have an opportunity of gazing upon all the ladies as they pass to and fro, and making witty and satirical remarks upon their dresses or appearance.

When about to promenade on a pleasant day, more especially if you intend to honor the streets with your presence, where ladies most do congregate, put a segar in your mouth, if the city authorities are indulgent enough to allow it—a long nine is preferable to a real Havana, and administer to the enjoyment of the fair, by puffing a full mouthful of the savory smoke into the face of every female you meet.

If you go to church, be sure to go to some house where you have no pew. Some person in the congregation will open his door to you and a mouthful of Cavendish will enable you to be-sprinkle the pew floor. If it is carpeted, tobacco juice is better than tea grounds.

In driving a gig, never turn out for a lady, old or young—but be especially careful to run over children. It is delightful to see them scatter, and superlative pleasure to knock down a few.

Never keep up a chaise top, though the sun be hot enough to melt the metal harness mountings; keep a segar in your mouth, and with your right arm upraised a la Don Quixote, make the whip-lash rattle like a scattering fire of small arms.

In conversation upon a disputed subject avoid circumlocution, and give your antagonist the lie direct. It is so genteel, and then if you have a chance to make an apology, you can do it with such grace.

Enquire of every man his business, question his motives, and animadvernt upon his conduct. What right has a man to secrets in a free country?—*Lowell Jour.*

A HIGHWAYMAN'S GRATITUDE.—A gentleman from the west of England went to London some years ago, to receive a legacy of 500£, which he proposed to bring with him into the country.—His servant, apprised of his master's errand, imprudently talked of it at an inn upon the road. A person in the room, to appearance a tradesman, but in reality a highwayman, overheard the conversation, and determined to possess himself of the booty. Pursuing the gentleman to London, he watched all his motions, and on his return to the country was ready to follow him. On the other side of Hounslow, near the turnpike on Smallberry Green, the robber came up with the chaise, and passed it full gallop, but at the gate, not having a single penny to pay the toll, appearing confused, he took out his handkerchief and begged the turnpikeman to take it as a

pledge. The gentleman in the chaise having observed the transaction, on his coming up, inquired the cause; and promising to return the handkerchief to the owner, paid the penny for him. He presently overtook the highwayman, and ordered his chaise to stop. "Pray, sir, said he, is this your handkerchief?" If so, I fear you are in great distress. I am indeed, sir, replied the man, in the greatest that is possible. Allow me, then, replied the gentleman, to relieve your immediate wants; and, drawing out his purse, presented him with five guineas. Your generosity, said the highwayman, disarms me, your five guineas have saved you five hundred!—and turning his horse, immediately rode off.—*Eng. paper.*

CREDIT.—Sheridan was once endeavoring to compliment (vulgo, gammon;) a city tailor out of a new suit of clothes, and promising "him half a dozen similar orders every year." "You are an excellent cut, my friend," said Sheridan, "and you beat our Snips of the West end hollow. Why don't you push your thimble amongst us? I'll recommend you every where: Upon my honor, your work gives infinite credit." "Yes," replied Twiss, "I always take care that my work gives credit; but the weavers ready money."—*Boston Morn. Post.*

HEAD OF THE CLASS.—And you are at school now are you? was the question of a countryman to a little nephew, who had a short time before commenced his education. "And do you like the school, my little man?" "Yes," whispered the boy. "That's right, you'll be a brave scholar. I will warrant—how far are you in your class, my little student?" "Next to the head." "Next to the head, say you: come now you deserve something for that!"—thrusting four whole cents into the hand of the delighted urchin.—"And how many are in your class?" "I and a little girl."

Gambling.—There is daily seen in the streets of the metropolis an individual, hapless, [hatless?] shoeless, and friendless, in the utmost state of destitution, who was formerly a gallant and meritorious officer, but who, unfortunately, in the height of prosperity, was induced by an acquaintance to enter one of the notorious gambling-houses at the west end of the town, where he lost all the money then in his possession, and by endeavouring to recover which he frequented the den of iniquity night after night, until he lost about £5,000, the whole of his property. He soon after experienced the greatest privations, and often when he rose in the morning knew not where he could lay his head at night.—*Lond. Morn. Adv.*

We regret to learn that Mrs. Burns the widow of the poet, is seriously ill at her residence in Burns' street. She had an alarming attack of paralysis about ten days ago, and has ever since been in a very exhausted state. This is the second attack of that dreadful malady with which she has been visited.—Within these few days, however, her medical attendants have entertained some hopes of her partial recovery, but her complete restoration to health is, we fear, almost hopeless. Mrs. Burns, during the long period of her widowhood, has remained in the same house where her immortal husband lived, and finally breathed his last. Her quiet and primitive life, now gently lapsed into old age, presents a striking contrast to the dark and brief career of the noble-minded but unfortunate bard whose name she has borne so long.—*Dumfries Journal.*

Mr. Frothingham.—The public mind in the interior of this state, was painfully excited in April last by the sudden disappearance of this young gentleman from the Oneida Institute, of which he was an exemplary member. It was supposed, as nothing could be heard of him, that he was murdered, and some persons were arrested on suspicion of the crime. We are happy to say he has been heard from. "Letters from him, dated Liverpool May 27, are published in the Salem Gazzette. He states that owing to the effect of close application, at the institution, he felt occasionally that his thoughts were wandering. About the 5th of April, this occurred more frequently than before, and he knows not how he spent much of the time between that date and the 8th. After the 8th, he observes that every thing is confused in his recollection. He remembers only, that, finding himself in a strange place he inquired where he was, and was answered in Montreal. He remembered nothing further until he found himself, in May, on board a vessel bound from Quebec to Liverpool. He appears to have wandered for a considerable time, and to have embarked for England without any consciousness of what occurred."

Mr. Barrett having erected a *Theatre at Lowell*, Ma. applied for license to open it; and at a public meeting of the inhabitants, the question of granting permission was taken and lost by a very considerable majority. The ground of opposition is the demoralizing tendency of the scenic exhibitions and their concomitants.

Theatrical success.—The London Morning Herald states, that it is reported, upon good authority, that Mr. and Miss Fanny Kemble have by their united performances in America, cleared £12,000—nearly \$60,000.

"A Fac-simile of Washington's Accounts," has lately been published at the *Dept. of Government*.

THE CONS TELLATION

INVITATION.

When the rock is honeyward hailing,
With a loud and rankish thicket;
When the bat, in ev'ry flying,
Hails the coming night;
When the partridge in the meadow
Calls distinctly to his mate—
Methinks, like a troupe of shadow,
By the woodland side.

When the rosy slopes are losing
T'is thy time their colors fair;
When the mossy boughs are closing
In the dewy air;
When the stars are growing lighter,
One by one forthcoming late—
Come thou, in the darkness brighter,
By the woodland gate.

When a hush is softly falling
Over the blossoms and the buds;
When the larks have ceased their calling
In the quiet woods;
When the dusk all seems doth smother,
Save thy footfall where I wait;—
Let me see none, hear none other,
By the woodland gate.

Richard Howitt.

HIPPOPOTAMI.

Three extracts from "Capt. Owen's Narratives to explore the shores of Africa, Madagascar," will make the reader acquainted with the habits and dispositions of these

surveying the river Temby, the boat entered a branch formerly observed, and the strange encounter and scene occurred.—Int Vidal had just commenced ascending this in his boat, when suddenly a violent shock was underneath, and in another moment a mon-hippopotamus reared itself from the water, and most ferocious and menacing attitude rushed mounted at the boat, and with one grasp of its indus jaws, seized and tore seven planks from side; the creature disappeared for a few seconds, then rose again, apparently intending to repeat attack, but was fortunately deterred by the contents of musket discharged in its face. The boat rapidly filled, but as she was not more than an oar's length from the shore, they succeeded in reaching it before she sank. Her keel in all probability touched the back of the animal, which irritating him, occasioned this furious attack; and had he got his upper-jaw above the gunwale, the whole broadside must have been torn out. The force of the shock from beneath, previously to the attack, was so violent that her stern was almost lifted out of the water; and Mr. Tambs, the midshipman steering, was thrown overboard, but fortunately rescued before the irritated animal could seize him. The boat was hauled up on a dry spot, and her repairs immediately commenced. The tents were pitched, and those of the party that were not employed as carpenters, amused themselves, the officers in shooting, and the men in strolling about the deserted country round them, being first ordered not to proceed out of hearing. Mr. Forbes described this encampment as possessing peculiar beauties. "The scene at midnight," he says, "was solemn and almost sublime. The sky was clear and brilliantly star-light; not a sound was heard but the crackling of our immense fire, the snorting of the hippopotami, and an occasional splash, as they rushed in and out of the water whilst pursuing their rough pastime; the screaming of some birds (a species of ibis) mingled with the deep-toned cry of 'All's well,' from the sentinels pacing round the tents, gave birth to feelings it would be difficult to define, for there is something awful in the stillness of nature that thrills within us, but cannot speak; we were but a few sleeping in a far distant soil, where Europeans had, perhaps, never been before." The next day was employed in completing the repairs of the damaged boat; the morning was fine, and as all hopes were given up of being able to prosecute the survey, Capt. Lechmere and the botanist took an early breakfast, and walked into the neighbouring woods, to see what game or botanical specimens they could procure. On arriving at the side of a creek, they unexpectedly came upon a hippopotamus of the largest size sleeping on the mud. As they had only small shot, they could not hope to gain a victory over him, and therefore hurried back to the encampment, from which they were at but a short distance. A formidable phalanx of hunters was immediately formed, who, with firelocks in hand, proceeded to the creek; but the animal was gone, and the party only served to rouse the numerous large balloons that were playing their antics on the tops of the surrounding trees."

"Next morning we continued our course up the river, and, in passing a low sandy point, found ourselves surrounded by a group of hippopotami, so close together, that had they not sunk as we approached, we could not, from the narrowness of the passage, have passed without striking them. Three were standing on the bank, and, as we drew near, one of them opened his huge red mouth about three feet and a half, and exhibited more formidable and savage appearance than I have ever witnessed in the fiercest of the brute creation; two, on our first appearance, retreated to the water, but the third remained sufficiently long to receive on his back a volley of balls, one of which seemed to take effect, the rest glancing off perfectly harmless. The animal, feeling himself wounded, uttered a loud and menacing cry, and then rushed furiously, and apparently in pain, to the water; frequently at the moment we fired, one only would be visible, but immediately on the report, numbers would shew themselves, some perhaps only

for a second, whilst others lying in shoal water, would instantly start up and attempt to get into the deeps, trotting through the mud at a quicker rate than the boats could pull, and looking back upon us every now and then with the greatest terror and anxiety. One that was penned up between the two boats appeared stupefied by fear, and without making any effort to escape, stood for upwards of five minutes, regarding first one boat and then the other, which, from their relative situation, could not fire at him. While running through the water they dip their heads continually beneath, and with their broad noses throw it up in a shower on their backs. The quickness of these animals is extraordinary, for frequently after the flash they were down before the ball could reach them."

NOCTURNAL ASSAULT.

The same volumes supply the following account of the consequences of an attempt at portrait painting, which does not appear to be in as high favour with the African natives, as with the tribes of the Missouri.

"A remarkable affair with these savages was a result of an affair of the fine arts. While the Hollontones were among their visitors, Mr. Hood commenced taking a sketch of the chief; before, however, it was finished, Chinchinany happened to discover what he was about, and instantly rose with much indignation in his manner, and without any notice quickly retired, followed by his people, some of whom, nevertheless, promised shortly to return with a bullock for barter. Wild fowl were very plentiful, and Captain Lechmere, who was a keen sportsman, seldom failed in procuring some for the day's meal, but he never succeeded in shooting a buck, although the country abounded with them. Mr. Rosier was, however, more fortunate, for walking out early in the morning, he suddenly came upon one fast asleep, and with a blow of his musket killed it on the spot. Night was closing in, the promised bullock did not arrive, and as some natives were lurking about the tents, they were driven away, large fires lighted, the arms of the party examined, and at eight the watch set, consisting of seven men, commanded by two midshipmen. These took their stations and commenced walking their rounds, adding fuel at times to the blazing fires under their charge, while the remainder of the party retired to their tents, and were soon lost in sleep.—The thick clouds that overcast the heavens rendered the night dark and gloomy; all was hushed in the deepest tranquillity, when, a few minutes before midnight, the attention of one of the sentries, who was placed in the advance, was attracted by a white object, that appeared as if rising and slowly moving towards him from the long grass and bushes: he instantly gave the alarm, and at the same moment received two assagayes in the thigh, and, as he retreated, was pierced by another in the back, which, being barbed, remained in the flesh. Lieutenant Vidal had been occupied in observing the stars, and was in the act of replacing his instruments to return, when the sentry's cry reached his ears; he started up, and at the instant a band of Hollontones, with their shields and spears, rushed towards the tents, uttering the most hideous yells. The appalling idea that the people would be massacred in their sleep flashed across his mind, and he rushed to the encampment with the utmost speed, crying loudly, 'To arms! to arms!' It was enough; the alarm was reechoed, the rise instantaneous, and the murdering band were received at the entrance of the tents with volleys of balls and bayonet-points. The constant flash and roar of the muskets, with the horrid yells of the assailants, breaking upon the dark gloom, produced a terrific scene; an occasional groan, however, as a ball found its fleshy bed, and the falling of some, soon intimidated the barbarians, and, after a short but desperate struggle, the cries of war and defiance were changed into shrieks of terror and dismay, followed by a precipitous retreat, not, however, forgetting their wounded, whom they carried off. It would not have been prudent to pursue them, as their number was not known, or what succour they had at hand; but the firing was kept up through the bushes as long as they could be seen or heard. Their numbers were apparently between two and three hundred, headed by Chinchinany, whose spear and shield, (since presented to Lord Melville,) were found next morning at a short distance from the encampment, in the direction they had retreated. It was supposed that Captain Lechmere had killed this chief, as he fired his gun loaded with small shot directly in his face, which passed through the shield of hide that he held up as a protection. So certain, it appears, were these savages of meeting with no opposition, that but few of their assagayes were brought into the field, as they considered their spears sufficient to kill sleeping men. The suddenness of this attack, as may be supposed, created some confusion, but did not in any respect check the courage of the people, or paralyse their efforts, which were prompt and decisive. Mr. Tambs, one of the midshipmen, who had imprudently undressed to his shirt, upon being awakened seized his sword, and impelled by his ardour, pursued the savages, naked as he was, without perceiving that he was unsupported, through which he narrowly escaped being shot by the party, who mistook him, when returning, for one of the enemy with a white shield.—The wounded seaman, galled by the assagay that still remained in his back, suffered great pain, and entreated, after the confusion was a little over, to have it extracted: from its being barbed, this was no easy task, and before it was finally accomplished put him to the most excruciating agony; but the wounds healed rapidly, and in a short time he was able to do his duty. The Portuguese interpreter, during the conflict, was not visible, and after it was over, retreated to the

boats, and could not be prevailed upon to leave them. The tents and other articles were immediately on board, one half of the party being appointed to do that duty while the other kept guard; a precaution by no means unnecessary, as the savages were discovered, by the half-suppressed sound of their voices, among the neighbouring thickets; they were, however, soon silenced by the discharge of two rockets, horizontally in the direction, when their fears and astonishment were expressed by the usual, but now loudly vociferated exclamation of 'Eigh! Eigh!' from a multitude, and then all was silent. In the morning on examining the ground about the encampment, some shields, several spears, and a few assagayes, were found, no doubt belonging to the wounded; yet no trace of blood was discovered, although we heard afterwards, through the Temby people, that the musketry did much execution, and that several were killed."

DEATH OF CAPT. LECHMERE.

"On the third of November, Captain Lechmere came off from the observatory in a low fever, and during the night was so ill that he was hardly expected to survive until morning; but as daylight approached, the dangerous symptoms abated, and he felt better. Yet the flattering change, however it relieved his bodily sufferings, did not deceive his mind with false hopes; he was perfectly aware of the inveteracy of the disease under which he laboured; and, from the moment of his attack, fully anticipated the fatal result to which it might lead. Captain Lechmere had excited so general a feeling of respect and esteem amongst all on board, that the details of his illness will be readily pardoned. This interest in his fate was strongly exemplified in the attachment of his attendant, William Newman, a marine, who was as much concerned as if he had been his nearest relative; he carried him from place to place like a child, as poor Lechmere's fevered fancy dictated; sang to him, fanned him, moistened his lips, was silent or still as his patient directed, and at last brought him by his special desire into the captain's cabin, where there was already a young midshipman in almost the same hopeless state. As the bell was striking the midnight hour, he sank into the dreamless sleep of death. His last moments were attended with a romantic interest. The fever being very high a short time before his decease, every means were tried to calm him, but in vain; the same impatient, painful restlessness still prevailed. At length Captain Owen, who knew from experience that singing had a powerful effect in soothing extreme pain, by diverting the mind from its sufferings, and fearful that the heart-rending expressions and cries uttered by Captain Lechmere might produce an injurious effect upon the other object of his solicitude, commenced that pathetic ballad, 'Here a sheer bulk lies poor Tom Bowline.' The first note produced a cessation of his frenzy: from raving madness he sank into almost total insensibility, which continued until Captain Owen came to the words 'His soul is gone aloft' when a long guttural sound announced that his spirit was fled, which was instantly confirmed by his attendant saying in a melancholy tone, 'He's gone, sir!'—And aloft, I hope?" replied the captain, as he concluded his song."

THE FALL OF TURKEY.

(Concluded.)

"We have given at large the striking account of this battle, [with the Russians,] because it exhibits in the clearest point of view the extraordinary weakness to which a power was suddenly reduced which once kept all Christendom in awe. Thirty-six thousand men and a hundred pieces of cannon decided the fate of Turkey; and an army of Ottomans forty thousand strong, after sustaining a loss of four thousand men, was literally annihilated. The thing almost exceeds belief. To such a state of weakness had the reforms of Sultan Mahmoud so soon reduced the Ottoman power. Such was the prostration, through innovation, of an empire, which, only twenty years before, had waged a bloody and doubtful war with Russia, and maintained for four campaigns one hundred and fifty thousand men on the Danube.

THE GREEK REVOLUTION.

"Among the immediate and most powerful causes of the rapid fall of the Ottoman Empire unquestionably must be reckoned the Greek Revolution, and the extraordinary part which Great Britain took in destroying the Turkish navy at Navarino.

On this subject we wish to speak with caution. We have the most heartfelt wish for the triumph of the Cross over the Crescent, and the liberation of the cradle of civilization from Asiatic bondage. But with every desire for the real welfare of the Greeks, we must be permitted to doubt whether the Revolution was the way to effect it, or the cause of humanity has not been retarded by the premature effort for its independence.

Since the wars of the French Revolution began, the condition and resources of the Greeks have improved in as rapid a progression as those of the Turks have declined. Various causes have contributed to this.

"The Islanders," says Mr. Slade, "it may be said, have always been independent, and in possession of the coasting trade of the empire. The wars attendant on the French Revolution gave them the carrying trade of the Mediterranean; on the Euxine alone they had above two hundred sail under the Russian flag. Their vessels even navigated as far as England. Mercantile houses were established in the principal ports of the continent of Europe; the only duty on their commerce was five per cent, *ad valorem*, to the Sultan's custom houses. The great demand of the English merchants

for Turkish silk, when Italian silk, to which it is superior, was difficult to procure, enriched the Greeks of the interior, who engrossed the entire culture. The continental system obliged us to turn to Turkey for corn, large quantities of which were exported from Macedonia, from Smyrna, and from Tarsus, to the equal profit of the Grecian and Turkish agriculturists. The same system also rendered it incumbent on Germany to cultivate commercial relations with Turkey, to the great advantage of the Greeks, who were to be seen in consequence, numerously frequenting the fairs at Leipzig. Colleges were established over Greece and the islands, by leave obtained from Selim III.; principally at Smyrna, Scio, Salonica, Yanina, and Hydra, and the wealthy sent their children to civilized Europe for education, without opposition from the Porte, which did not foresee the mischief that it would thereby gather.

In short, the position of the Greeks, in 1810, was such as would have been considered visionary twenty years previous, and would, if then offered to them, have been hailed as the completion of their desires.—But the general rule, applicable to nations as well as to individuals, that an object, however ardently aspired after, when attained, is chiefly valued as a stepping stone to higher objects, naturally affected them: the possession of unexpected prosperity and knowledge opened to them further prospects, gave them hopes of realizing golden dreams, of revenging treasured wrongs—shewed them, in a word, the vista of independence."

These causes fostered the Greek Insurrection, which was secretly organized for years before it broke out in 1821, and was then spread universally and rendered unquenchable by the barbarous murder of the Greek patriarch, and a large proportion of the clergy at Constantinople, on Easter day of that year. The result has been, that Greece, after seven years of the ordeal of fire and sword, has obtained its independence; and by the destruction of her navy at Navarino, Turkey has lost the means of making any effectual resistance on the Black Sea to Russia. Whether Greece has been benefitted by the change, time alone can shew. But it is certain that such have been the distractions, jealousies, and robberies of the Greeks upon each other since that time, that numbers of them have regretted that the dominion of their country has passed from the infidels.

But whatever may be thought on this subject, nothing can be more obvious than that the Greek Revolution was utterly fatal to the naval power of Turkey; because it deprived them at once of the class from which alone sailors could be obtained. The whole commerce of the Ottomans was carried on by the Greeks, and their sailors constituted the entire seamen of their fleet. Nothing, accordingly, can be more lamentable than the condition of the Turkish fleet since that time. The catastrophe of Navarino deprived them of their best ships and bravest sailors; the Greek revolt drained off the whole population who were wont to man their fleets. Mr. Slade informs us that when he navigated on board the Captain Pasha's ship with the Turkish fleet in 1829, the crews were composed almost entirely of landsmen, who were forced on board without the slightest knowledge of nautical affairs; and that such was their timidity from inexperience of that element, that a few English frigates would have sent the whole squadron, containing six ships of the line, to the bottom. The Russian fleet also evinced a degree of ignorance and timidity in the Euxine, which could hardly have been expected, from their natural hardihood and resolution. Yet the Moscovite fleet, upon the whole, rode triumphant; by their capture of Anapa, they struck at the great market from whence Constantinople is supplied, while, by the storming of Sizopolis, they gave a *point d'appui* to Diebisch on the coast within the Balkan, without which he could never have ventured to cross that formidable range. This ruin of the Turkish marine by the Greek Revolution and the battle of Navarino, was therefore the immediate cause of the disastrous issue of the second Russian campaign; and the scale might have been turned, and it made to terminate in equal disasters to the invaders, if five English ships of the line had been added to the Turkish force; an addition, Mr. Slade tells us, which would have enabled the Turks to burn the Russian arsenals and fleet at Swartopol, and postponed for half a century the fall of the Ottoman Empire.

Nothing, therefore, can be more instructive than the rapid fall of the Turkish power; nor more curious than the coincidence between the despotic acts of the reforming Eastern Sultan and of the innovating European democracies. The measures of both have been the same; both have been actuated by the same principles, and both yielded to the same ungovernable ambition. The Sultan commenced his reforms by destroying the old territorial nobility, ruining the privileges of corporations, and subverting the old military force of the kingdom; and he is known to meditate the destruction of the Mahometan hierarchy, and the confiscation of the property of the church to the service of the public treasury. The Constituent Assembly, before they had sat six months, had annihilated the feudal nobility, extinguished the privileges of corporations, uprooted the military force of the monarchy, and confiscated the whole property of the church. The work of destruction went on far more smoothly and rapidly in the hands of the great despotic democracy, than of the Eastern Sultan; by the whole forces of the State drawing in one direction, the old machine was pulled to pieces with a rapidity to which there is nothing comparable in the annals even of Oriental potentates. The rule of the Sultan Mahmoud took a lifetime to accomplish that

THE CON STELLATION

which the French democracy effected in a few months; and even his ruthlessly power paused at devastations, which they unhesitatingly adopted amidst the applause of the nation. Despotism, absolute despotism, was the ruling passion of both; the Sultan proclaimed the principle that all authority flows from the Throne, and that every influence must be destroyed which does not emanate from that source; "The Rights of Man" publicly announced the sovereignty of the people, and made every appointment, civil and military, flow from their assemblies. So true it is that despotism is actuated by the same jealousies, and leads to the same measures on the part of the sovereign as the multitude; and so just is the observation of Aristotle. "The character of democracy and despotism is the same.—Both exercise a despotic authority over the better class of citizens; decrees are in the first, what ordinances and arrests are in the last. Though placed in different ages or countries, the court favourite and democrat are in reality the same characters, or at least they always bear a close analogy to each other; they have the principal authority in their respective forms of government; favourites with the absolute monarch, demagogues with the sovereign multitude."

The immediate effect of the great despotic acts in the two countries, however, was widely different. The innovations of Sultan Mahmoud were directed against the wishes of a majority of the nation, prostrated the strength of the Ottomans, and brought the Russian battalions in fearful strength over the Balkan. The innovations of the Constituent Assembly being done in obedience to the dictates of the people, produced for a time a potentio union of the revolutionary passions, and carried the Republican standard in triumph to every capital of Europe. It is one thing to force reform upon an unwilling people; it is another and a very different thing to yield to their wishes in imposing it upon a reluctant minority in the state.

But the ultimate effect of violent innovations, whether proceeding from the despotism of the Sultan or the multitude, is the same. In both cases they totally destroy the frame of society, and prevent the possibility of freedom being permanently erected, by destroying the classes whose intermixtire is essential to its existence. The consequences of destroying the dervishes, the ayans, the Janissaries, and ulema in Turkey, will, in the end, be the same as ruining the church, the nobility, the corporations, and landed proprietors in France. The tendency of both is identical, to destroy all authority but that emanating from a single power in the state, and of course to render that power despotic. It is immaterial whether that single power is the primary assemblies of the people, or the Divan of the Sultan; whether the influence to be destroyed is that of the church or the ulema, the dervishes or the nobility. In either case there is no counterpoise to its authority, and of course no limit to its oppression. As it is impossible, in the nature of things, that power should long be exercised by great bodies, as they necessarily and rapidly fall under despots of their own creation, so it is evident that the path is cleared, not only for despotic, but absolute despotism, as completely by the innovating democracy as the resistless Sultan. There never was such a pioneer for tyranny as the Constituent Assembly.

POSITION OF GREAT BRITAIN.

It is melancholy to reflect on the deplorable state of weakness to which England has been reduced since revolutionary passions seized upon her people. Three years ago, the British name was universally respected; the Portuguese pointed with gratitude to the well-fought fields, where English blood was poured forth like water in behalf of their independence; the Dutch turned with exultation to the Lion of Waterloo, the proud and unequalled monument of English fidelity; the Poles acknowledged with gratitude, that, amidst all their sorrows, England alone had stood their friend, and exerted its influence at the Congress of Vienna to procure for them Constitutional freedom; even the Turks, though mourning the catastrophe of Navarino, acknowledged that British diplomacy had at length interfered, and turned aside from Constantinople the sword of Russia, after the barrier of the Balkan had been broke through. Now, how woful is the change! The Portuguese recount with undisguised indignation, the spoliation of their navy by the Tricolor fleet, then in close alliance with England; and the fostering by British blood and treasure, of a cruel and insidious civil war in their bosom, in aid of the principle of revolutionary propaganda: the Dutch, with indignant rage, tell the tale of the desertion by England of the allies and principles for which she had fought for a hundred and fifty years, and the shameful union of the Leopard and the Eagle, to crush the independence and partition the territories of Holland: the Polish exiles in foreign lands dwell on the heart rending story of their wrongs, and narrate how they were led on by deceitful promises from France and England to resist, till the period of capitulation had gone by: the Eastern nations deplore the occupation of Constantinople by the Russians, and hold up their hands in astonishment at the infatuation which has led the mistress of the seas to permit the keys of the Dardanelles to be placed in the grasp of Moscovite ambition. It is in vain to conceal the fact, that by a mere change of Ministry, by simply letting loose revolutionary passions, England has descended to the rank of a third rate power. She has sunk at once, without any external disasters, from the triumphs of Trafalgar and Waterloo, to the disgrace and the humiliation of Charles II. It is hard to say whether she is most despised or insulted by her ancient allies or enemies; whether contempt and hatred are strongest among

those she aided or resisted in the late struggle. Russia defies her in the East, and, secure in the revolutionary passions by which her people are distracted, pursues with now undisguised anxiety her long-cherished and stubbornly resisted schemes of ambition in the Dardanelles; France drags her a willing captive at her chariot wheels, and compels the arms which once struck down Napoleon to aid her in all the mean revolutionary aggressions she is pursuing on the surrounding states; Portugal and Holland, smarting under the wounds received from their oldest ally, wait for the moment of British weakness to wreak vengeance for the wrongs inflicted under the infatuated guidance of the Whig democracy. Louis XIV., humbled by the defeats of Blenheim and Ramillies, yet spurned with indignation at the proposal that he should join his arms to those of his enemies, to dispossess his ally the King of Spain; but England, in the hour of her greatest triumph, has submitted to a greater degradation. She has deserted and insulted the nation which stood by her side in the field of Victoria; she has joined in alliance against the power which bled with her at Waterloo, and deserted in its last extremity the ally whose standards waved triumphant with her on the sands of Egypt.

The supineness and weakness of Ministers in the last agony of Turkey, has been such as would have exceeded belief, if woful experience had not taught us to be surprised at nothing which they can do. France acted with becoming foresight and spirit; they had an Admiral, with four ships of the line, to watch Russia in the Dardanelles, when the crisis approached.—What had England? One ship of the line on the way from Malta, and a few frigates in the Archipelago, were all that the mistress of the waves could afford, to support the honor and interests of England, in an emergency more pressing than any which has occurred since the battle of Trafalgar. Was the crisis not foreseen? Every man in the country of any intelligence foresaw it, from the moment that Ibrahim besieged Acre. Can England only fit out one ship of the line to save the Dardanelles from Russia? Is this the foresight of the Whigs, or the effect of the Dock-yard reductions? Or has the Reform Act utterly annihilated our strength and sunk our name?

It is evident that in the pitiful shifts to which Government is now reduced, foreign events, even of the greatest magnitude, have no sort of weight in its deliberations. Resting on the quick-sands of popular favour; intent only on winning the applause or resisting the indignation of the rabble; dreading the strokes of their old allies among Political Unions; awakened, when too late, to a sense of the dreadful danger arising from the infatuated course they have pursued; hesitating between losing the support of the Revolutionists and pursuing the anarchical projects which they avow; unable to command the strength of the nation for any foreign policy; having sown the seeds of interminable dissension between the different classes of society, and spread far and wide the modern passion for innovation in lieu of the ancient patriotism of England; they have sunk it at once, and apparently for ever in the gulf of degradation. By the passions they have excited in the Empire, its strength is utterly destroyed, and well do foreign nations perceive its weakness. They know that Ireland is on the verge of rebellion; that the West Indies, with the torch and the tomahawk at their throats, are waiting only for the first national reverse to throw off their allegiance; that the splendid Empire of India is shaking under the democratic rule to which it is about to be subjected on the expiry of the Charter; that the dock yards, stripped of their stores to make a shew of economy, and conceal a sinking revenue, could no longer fit out those mighty fleets which so recently went forth from their gates, conquering and to conquer. The foreign historians of the French revolutionary war deplored the final seal it had put upon the maritime superiority of England, and declared that human sagacity could foresee no possible extrication of the seas from her resistless dominion: but how vain are the anticipations of human wisdom! The fickle change of popular opinion subverted the mighty fabric; a Whig Ministry succeeded to the helm, and before men had ceased to tremble at the thunder of Trafalgar, England had become contemptible on the waves!

From this sad scene of national degradation and decay, from the melancholy spectacle of the breaking up, from revolutionary passion and innovation, of the greatest and most beneficent Empire that ever existed upon earth, we turn to a more cheering prospect, and joyfully inhale from the prospects of the species those which we can no longer venture to cherish for our own country.

EXTINCTION OF MAHOMETANISM.

The attention of all classes in this country has been so completely absorbed of late years by the progress of domestic changes, and the march of revolution, that little notice has been bestowed on the events we have been considering; yet they are more important to the future fate of the species, than even the approaching dismemberment of the British Empire. We are about to witness the overthrow of the Mahometan religion; the emancipation of the cradle of civilization from Asiatic bondage; the accomplishment of that deliverance of the Holy Sepulchre, for which the Crusaders toiled and bled in vain; the elevation of the Cross on the Dome of St. Sophia, and the walls of Jerusalem.

That this great event was approaching has been long foreseen by the thoughtful and the philanthropic. The terrors of the Crescent have long since ceased: it received its first check in the Gulf of Lepanto: it waned before the star of Sobieski under the walls of Vienna, and set in flames in the Bay of Navarino.

The power which once made all Christendom tremble, which shook the imperial throne, and penetrated from the sands of Arabia to the banks of the Loire, is now in the agonies of dissolution: and that great deliverance for which the banded chivalry of Europe fought for centuries, and to attain which millions of Christian bones whitened the fields of Asia, is now about to be effected through the vacillation and indifference of their descendants. That which the courage of Richard Cœur de Lion, and the enthusiasm of Godfrey of Bouillon, could not achieve; which resisted the arms of the Templars and the Hospitallers, and rolled back from Asia the tide of European invasion, is now in the act of being accomplished. A more memorable instance was never afforded of the manner in which the passions and vices of men are made to work out the intentions of an overruling Providence, and of the vanity of all human attempts to prevent that ceaseless spread of religion which has been decreed by the Almighty.

That Russia is the power by whom this great change was to be effected, by whose arm the tribes of Asia were to be reduced to subjection, and the triumph of civilization over barbaric sway effected, has long been apparent. The gradual but unceasing pressure of the hardy races of mankind upon the effeminate, of the energy of Northern poverty on the corruption of Southern opulence, rendered it evident that this change must ultimately be effected. The final triumph of the Cross over the Crescent was secure from the moment that the Turcooman descended to the plains of Asia Minor, and the sway of the Czar was established in the deserts of Scythia. As certainly as water will ever descend from the mountains to the plain, so surely will the stream of permanent conquest, in every age, flow from the northern to the southern races of mankind.

But although the continued operation of these causes was evident, and the ultimate ascendent of the religion of Christ, and the institutions of civilization over the tenets of Mahomet, and the customs of barbarism, certain; yet many different causes, till within these few years, contributed to check their effects, and to postpone apparently, for an indefinite period, the final liberation of the Eastern world. But the weakness, insanity, and vacillation of England and France, while they will prove fatal to them, seem destined to subject the East to the sway of Russia, and renew, in the plains of Asia, those institutions of which Europe has become unworthy. The cause of religion, the spread of the Christian faith, has received an impulse from the vices and follies, which she never received from the sword of Western Europe. The infidelity and irreligion of the French philosophers have done that for the downfall of Islamism which all the enthusiasm of the Crusaders could not accomplish. Their first effect was to light up a deadly war in Europe, and array the civilized powers of the world in mortal strife against each other; but this was neither their only nor their final effect. In this contest, the arms of civilization acquired an unparalleled ascendancy over those of barbarism; and at its close, the power of Russia was magnified fourfold. Turkey and Persia was unable to withstand the Empire from which the arms of Napoleon rolled back. The overthrow of Mahometanism, the liberation of the finest provinces of Europe from Turkish sway, bowed at last, directly and evidently, from the rise of the spirit which at first closed all the churches of France, and erected the altar of Reason in the choir of Notre Dame. We are now witnessing the conclusion of the drama. When England descended from her high station, and gave way to revolutionary passions; when irreligion tainted her people, and respect for the institutions of their fathers no longer influenced their government, she, too, was abandoned to the consequences of her vices; and from her apostacy, fresh support derived to misery, and their minds forever to be disturbed.—

The offer was rejected with derision. On the 5th of December, a cold and wintry day, but not so cold as his persecutors' hearts, Roberts, at the age of forty, was taken from his sick bed, and borne to Whitecross prison, where he arrived only to die!!!

And this happened in the land of liberty, in England, six months ago! and this was no uncommon case—it was but one drop in the waters of misery overflowing from the same source.

The lawyer (says the writer of a stringent letter in the *Morning Advertiser* some time ago, though his simile is not a perfect one) is a faithful representative of the upas-tree, for whoever comes under his clutching withers and falls, and is henceforward doomed to misery, and their minds forever to be disturbed.—

But the greatest curse of all—and it is the greatest curse that ever was inflicted on civilized society—is the power which the lawyer has, and uniformly exercises with the most cold-blooded and crocodile rapacity, of completing the misery and ruin of those whom the casualties of this life and a censorious world have already made miserable."

What else fills our prisons with their miserable crowds? What else destroys energy and keeps down exertion? What else prevents the fallen from ever rising again?

Who can doubt that litigation in this country inflicts more individual sufferings, and contributes more to aggravate commercial and national distress than any other cause (we would almost say any other combination of causes) whatever? Taxes and poor's rates are, indeed, heavy in their pressure, but even these are rendered worse by their legal association; and it would be easy to shew that a single law pro-

* How galling to every good Englishman must it have been to read the following disgraceful comment on these atrocities in the public newspapers of the day:—"On Tuesday a Russian Prince, about twenty years of age, visited the New Prison, Clerkenwell, under an order from Sir Charles Flower, Bart. The prince, in conversation, stated that he had paid particular attention to the discipline of the prisons abroad as well as here, and he was much pleased with the good order and humanity observed in the management of the above gaol. Newgate, he said, was very bad, as far as regarded leaving the prisoners to sleep on the floor. Criminals were treated better than in Russia. On coming to the debtors' ward, he expressed himself shocked that fifteen or sixteen men should be so punished for owing less than forty shillings each; and he generously declared they should not be detained another hour. He immediately wrote a check for the amount of all their debts, and they were discharged."

THE CON STELLATION

cess, from which few of the middling ranks of life can hope to be so fortunate as to escape, is more grievous and ruinous than years of government and parochial taxation. Look around to our prisons; look at the fearful returns from them of thousands of beggared debtors and starving families; and try for a moment to contemplate this huge mass of human misery with reference to its origin—the inability to pay, on the instant, perhaps, from the insignificant sum of two or three shillings to the amount of some ten or (on an average) less than twenty pounds in each case. And for such an offence men are deprived of their liberty, and, with their liberty, of the means of discharging their obligations or providing for their children; the law takes its cruel course, and the struggling mechanic and honest shopkeeper are doomed to hopeless incarceration, their creditors unpaid, and some attorney enabled to live in heartless extravagance, expending tens of thousands of pounds in luxuries—as in a shameful instance which has just occurred—upon expenses wrung from malignant passions on the one hand, and vain and helpless efforts on the other. We have alluded to the malignant passions of the men as one great source of the mischief, for it must be obvious that the law is only the minister of resentments and of the pursuits of supposed interests; and in favour of the profession it should be said, that its honourable members often and often allay irritations, and prevent the lawsuits into which angry parties would hedges rashly. But it is not in nature to expect such conduct from the majority of practitioners, who must subsist upon the disputes and the miseries of their fellow-citizens; and who must be poor themselves, were they not the ready and willing instruments to fan the flames of discord, and place their selfish ends between the possibilities of rational compromise and humane reconciliation. There are multitudes of such persons, blinded by intercourse with folly and crime, hardened by custom, and regardless of the pangs they inflict. And it is dreadful to imagine the quantity of distress that is endured in every street and corner of this million-peopled metropolis in consequence of legal proceedings alone. Look at the law-list. How are this vast multitude of hungry attorneys, and all the other followers of the law, to be supported? By the continued infliction of the deepest and most curseless wrongs upon thousands of their fellow-creatures; by the utter abandonment of every social feeling; by committing acts which would bring down indignation upon the most savage of mankind—for the Indian, with his knife and tomahawk, is not so deliberate, ruthless, and inexcusable, as the needy lawyer with his legal instruments. In the one case there are noble though perverted passions abroad—revenge, danger, triumph; in the other, nothing but what is mean, cowardly, and malicious. The husband by the sickbed of his dying wife, the father at the head of his orphan family, the man in business with all his credit and sources of creditable existence at stake, move neither pity nor forbearance: our prisons are crammed with such, while humanity is outraged, and the whole frame of society injured, by their vile treatment.

This is the real and unexaggerated state of things—a state of things which the truly upright and honourable members of the legal profession lament, perhaps, more than any other class; but they are only a small minority: and through they lament, they cannot prevent the horrors of the system. One of these, indeed, may, in his own practice, interpose to save many a deserving individual from distress; but, on the other hand, one low and unprincipled scoundrel, of what is softly called by his brethren, "sharp practice," has it in his power to, and actually does inflict greater evils and wretchedness in a single year, than the levy of all the imposts of church and state within a sphere of like extent. Suppose such a fellow (and there are hundreds of them within the bills of mortality) to pocket on an average £10 for every writ he issues to doom a man or woman to prison. That he may gain only a hundred pounds, there must be ten scenes of great and often infinite oppression and misery—there must be blasted hopes and embittered feelings to more than thrice ten hearts—there must be insult and broken fortunes to ten parties—and these must extend to a wide circle in all the ramifications of business and life: and what is the end? The creditor in a worse situation than before—the lawyer

This very week the influence of the lawyers has thrown out the General Registry Bill—most economical and beneficial measure—from the House of Commons: it will diminish their profits.—*Ed. L. G.*

* A letter which appeared in the *Times* has the following statement and argument:—"In your paper of the 26th of February there is a statement, 'That in the years 1825 and 1826, and up to June 1827, no less than £2,852 affidavits of debts were filed in the Courts of King's Bench, Common Pleas, and Marshalsea, whose amounts were to £2, and not exceeding 20'. Now it is, I believe, within the mark, when I state their average cost of recovery at 20% each. The cost, therefore, to the unfortunate suitors (to say nothing of the manifest injustice of many of the decisions, and the expense to the public of supporting the unhappy victims when thrown into prison) would stand thus:—

62,852 suits
20 costs

£1,057,040

"Is this nothing?

Why then the world and all that's in't is nothing." Talk of distress—talk of depreciation of trade—talk of poor-rates, currency, and taxes—why, what tax requires consideration more than this? Need we wonder at the splendid carriages, sumptuous palaces, and hauteur of our lawyers? What! are the hard-working and skilful providers of all this luxury and splendour to be thus cruelly taxed, whilst an equitable adjustment of their debts and differences may be determined by the simple, just, and humane operations of the court of arbitration?"

thriving luxuriously on this one of the ten, fifteen, or thirty hundreds of pounds so grievously wrung from integrity and industry.

The law reforms which the Lord Chancellor is carrying through, will do much towards improving the administration of justice, and substituting common sense for jargon and jingle: but we look upon the bill of the Solicitor-General to be far more important to society than all the rest put together; and we do trust that, however late in the session it may be, it will not be postponed. How many aching hearts, and how many deplorable death-beds, would have been spared had such a measure been enacted when proposed in 1830! Why should another year of plunder and barbarity be added to the store? why should thousands of men and women still continue to be buried in loathsome gaols, in the fangs of the infamous retainers of the law, and their more infamous employers? By a return this very week laid before Parliament, it appears that in the Marshalsea of Dublin alone there are seven hundred and eighteen human beings incarcerated, whose debts amount in all to £1564 15s. Id.† For little more than two pounds each, these seven hundred persons are deprived of the most glorious privilege of mankind—liberty. In Ireland, the same return shews, there are five thousand six hundred and eighty-eight prisoners for debt: how many more are there in England? and all this usefulness, industry, and hope cut off—all this evil and wretchedness inflicted, without one rational or redeeming palliation! For "what (says our author) are the results of our debtor and creditor law? 1. The debtor, whose exertions ought to be compelled in behalf of the creditor, is, on the contrary, compelled to abandon all exertions whatever. He is forced to become dishonest—to remain idle when he should work—to spend among gaolers and attorneys the money that should go to creditors. He is imprisoned for an indefinite period—he becomes dead to the outward world—and, according to law, there is an end of him for ever. 2. As to income: if by professional labour he had been obtaining, and could obtain, £10,000 per annum, our exquisite system admits of no inquiry into the matter. It is lost to creditors as well as to himself by the proceedings of any one who chooses to prolong the debtor's confinement. 3. With regard to property: should he be possessed of estates or effects, amounting to thousands of pounds beyond the extent of his debt, and wishes to retain that possession, will not our exemplary system afford him the means of doing so, and of cheating all his creditors? Let the records of the King's Bench and Insolvency Court answer these questions. See what respectable dividends are handed over through the commissioners! But to live luxuriously in prison when creditors are unpaid, is, forsooth, dishonest; and the rogue who, having gone through the Insolvency Court, appears amply provided with cash and effects immediately after, must have been guilty of perjury!—by no means; these things happen every day—and there can be no wrong, because all that is done or undone is according to law. And for the sake of keeping up this infamous system, by which attorneys and gaolers, brokers and usurers, are benefited, every principle of justice, humanity, and integrity is outraged, swindled encouraged and protected, merchants and tradesmen are defrauded, the dictates of religion and morality set at defiance, enormous sums wasted in law costs, and every year one hundred and forty thousand persons brought into a state of degradation and misery; of whom, at the lowest possible computation twenty-five thousand are annually thrown on the world, demoralized, destitute, and prone to every species of crime!"

In the next page he says—and how monstrous is the fact!—"Eight millions yearly spent in law costs, is no slight taxation."—*Lit. Gaz.*

+ In 1831, there were 942—debts, 2150L 15s.
In 1832, " " 900—debts, 2200L 15s. 2d.

MARRIED,

In this city, on the 31st, Mr. Benjamin Richards, to Miss Jane Haught, daughter of the late Judge Scott, of Catskill.

On the 31st, Mr. Andrew Kirkwood, to Miss Jane Nicol—both of Galway, N.Y.

On the 24th, Dr. D. O. Harrison, to Miss Elizabeth, daughter of Mr. Horace Butler.

On the 29th, Mr. Edward F. Woodward, of England, to Miss Susan O., fourth daughter of the late Thomas Beus, Esq., of Long Island.

On the 31st, Mr. Hy. Carter, of Boston, to Miss Anne, daughter of Mr. James Bolton, of this city.

On the 31st, Mr. Geo. T. Scaring, to Miss Mary Ann Woodward.

On the 1st, Mr. Robert Stuyvesant, to Miss Margaret, daughter of C. Milleberger, Esq.

On the 1st, Mr. John Richardson, of New Orleans, to Miss Aurelia, eldest daughter of Capt. Robert Waterman, of Brooklyn, L.I.

At Hempstead, L.I., Mr. Jonas Pearsall, of New York, to Miss Mary Keicham, of Huntington South.

At Catskill, the Rev. William C. Schuyler, to Miss Margaret Sickles.

In Sag Harbour, Mr. Aaron Oakley, to Miss Esther King.

At the Parsonage in Hempstead, on the 17th, Mr. Sylvanus Brewer, to Miss Ann, daughter of Mr. Benjamin Trethewell.

At Bloomingdale, on the 3d, Mr. Richard L. Schieffelin, to Miss Margaret Helen, only daughter of G. K. McKay, deceased—all of this city.

At Boston, on the 31st, Mr. Gustavus U. Richards, of this city, to Miss Electa B., daughter of S. V. S. Wilder, Esq., of the former place.

DIED,

In this city, on the 31st, Mrs. Elizabeth, widow of Captain Joseph Robson, aged 51.

On the 30th, after an illness of 18 hours, Mr. Joseph V. Jenkins, aged 28, second son of Nehemiah Jenkins, Esq., of Pawtucket, R.I.

On the 31st, Mrs. Ann, wife of Mr. David Seabury, aged 81.

On the 31st, Mr. Michael Schuyler, aged 53.

On the 31st, Mr. James Wilson, aged 49.

On the 31st, Miss Catherine Poole, aged 22.

On the 31st, Mrs. Rebecca Hensel, aged 43.

On the 4th, Mr. Thomas Storm, aged 85 years.

On the 4th, Mr. James Kelly, aged 59.

On the 4th, Mr. Robert Waine, eldest son of the late Robert N. Waine, Esq.

On the 4th, Mr. Isaac Constant, aged 36.

On the 31st, in the residence of her grandfather, in Shrewsbury, N.J., Miss Ann Eliza, daughter of the late Mr. Thaddeus Whitlock, of this city, aged 23 years.

In Sag Harbour, Mrs. Mary Kendrick, aged 65!

At Saratoga Springs, on the 31st, after a short illness, Samuel Snow, Esq., of Pittsburgh, Va.

At Mayfield, Ky., Charles E. Wolf, Esq., Mayor of that city, and son of Governor Wolf, of Pa.

At Cincinnati, on the 26th July, of bilious colic, terminating in cholera, Mr. Richard Phillips, gilder, aged 34, formerly of New York.

NEW JUVENILE WORK.—In press, and will be published on Saturday, August 10th, by PEABODY & CO., New-York, a new and beautiful Juvenile Work, entitled, *The Infant's Annual, or a Mother's Offering*, illustrated with ten original and appropriate Engravings, all finely coloured, besides twenty-four wood cuts—158 pages, 21 mo. printed on fine paper and tastefully done up in an embellished cover. Price 75 cents.—List of Embellishments:

1. Annette and her Dove.

"I'll watch thy dawn of joys, and mould

Thy little mind to duty:

I'll teach thee words as I behold

Thy faculties, like flowers, unfold

In intellectual beauty.

2. Annette and her Mamma.

3. Annette saved from the mad dog by poor Bessie.

4. The boys in the play-ground robbing Charles of his playthings.

5. Charles shown his own name on the back of the watch, by his father.

6. The brother and sister found dead in the snow.

7. Little Margaret gives a her grandfather his shoe.

8. The milk-servant on Nurse Jeffries' gown.

9. It was my Aunt Mary.

10. Oscar playing with the kittens.

The edition is small, and as the book is quite fascinating for children, immediate orders at wholesale are requested by the publishers,

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Wo Cure, no Pay.—Also, SLATE ROOFS Repaired and warranted Tight.—Orders will be promptly attended to on application to

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NOTICE.

TO discharge from Debt, pursuant to the Revised Statutes, part second, Chap. V. Title 1, Art. 3; relating to voluntary assignments, made pursuant to the application of an Insolvent and his Creditors.

James Hay, in his individual capacity, and as one of the late firm of Hay & Loewenstein, and also as one of the late firm of Hay & Henderson, of the City of New York, notice first published 29th June, Creditors to appear before the Honourable Richard Riker, Recorder of the City of New York, at his office in the City Hall of the said City, on the 11th day of September next, at 10 o'clock in the forenoon.

Charles Loewenstein, in his individual capacity, and as one of the late firm of Hay & Loewenstein, of the City of New York, notice first published 29th June, Creditors to appear before the Honourable Richard Riker, Recorder of the City of New York, at his office in the City Hall of the said City, on the 11th day of September next, at 10 o'clock in the forenoon.

FOR COLOURING AND PRESERVING THE HUMAN HAIR.—This invaluable compound is a recent discovery, and prepared from the fruit of an East India plant entirely from the vegetable kingdom, and perfectly harmless. By following the accompanying directions, the Hair or Whiskers that are gray, red, or grizzly, may be changed in the short space of six hours into a beautiful brown or black colour, of a durable and brilliant lustre. While it produces that indelible colour on the hair, it leaves the skin perfectly white and unspotted. Persons whose hair grows fast, will require the application of this Extract about four times a year.

Prepared by F. LeDue, and for sale at \$2 per bottle, by the Proprietor's sole Agent,

DR. LEWIS FEUCHTWANGER,

377 BROADWAY.

N.B.—Druggists, Hair-Dressers, Perfumers, &c. supplied on a liberal discount.

GERMAN NEW SILVER.—Just received, a small invoice of German New Silver, in Tea and Soup Spoons, Forks, Ladles, Sugar-Tongs, Candlesticks, &c. in bars, plate, wrought, &c. &c. The lustre and brilliancy of the colour is even far superior to Silver, and the virtue of not tarnishing can be proved by its having crossed the ocean, and not changed in the slightest degree.

Orders will be received for any quantity, and to any amount, by DR. LEWIS FEUCHTWANGER,

377 Broadway.

OPERATIONS ON THE TEETH.

MR. BRYAN, Surgeon Dentist, No. 21 Warren st. near Broadway, has now prepared for insertion a beautiful assortment of the best description of INCORRUPTIBLE TEETH,

in imitation of human teeth, of unchangeable colour and never liable to the least decay.

Mr. Bryan performs all necessary operations on the teeth, and in all applicable cases continues to use his

PATENT PERPENDICULAR TOOTH EXTRACTOR, highly recommended by many of the most eminent physicians and surgeons of this city, whose certificates may be seen on application. The use of this instrument he reserves exclusively to himself in this city.

For further information relative to his Incorruptible Teeth, as well as respecting his manner of performing dental operations in general, Mr. Bryan has permission to refer to many respectable individuals and eminent physicians, among whom are the following: Valentine Mott, M.D., Samuel W. Moore, M.D., Francis E. Berger, M.D., D. W. Kissam, Jr. M.D., Amaziah Wright, M.D., and John C. Cheeseman, M.D. June 6-6pm.

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sible pain, and correct professional skill. Gan-

grene of the teeth removed, and the decaying

teeth rendered artificially sound, by stopping with

gold, platinum, vegetable paste, metallic paste,

silver or tin. Teeth nicely cleaned of salivary

calculus, (*tartar*), hence removing that peculiarity

of disgusting fetor of the breath. Irregularities in children's teeth prevented, in adults remedied.

Teeth extracted with the utmost care and

safety, and old stumps, fangs or roots remaining

in the sockets, causing ulcers, gum biles, alveolar

abscesses, and consequently an unpleasant breath,

removed with nice and ease.

Patent Aromatic Paste Dentifrice, for cleansing,

beautifying, and preserving the teeth.

Imperial Compound Chlorine Balsamic Lotion,

for hardening, strengthening, restoring, and ren-

ovating the gums.

CURE FOR TOOTH-ACHE.

Thomas White's Vegetable Tooth-Ache Drops, the only Specific ever offered to the public, from which radical and permanent cure may be obtained, of that disagreeable, tormenting, excruciating pain, the Tooth-Ache.

The original certificate of the Patentee, from which the following extracts are taken, may be seen at the subscriber's Office, No. 5 Chambers-street, New-York.

"The subscriber would respectfully inform the public, that he has communicated a knowledge of the ingredients of which his celebrated Tooth-Ache Drops are pharmaceutically and chemically compounded, to Dr. Jonathan Dodge, Surgeon Dentist, No. 5 Chambers-street, who will always have a supply of the genuine article on hand, of the subscriber's own preparing. And the subscriber most cordially and earnestly recommends to any and every person afflicted with diseased teeth, or suffering the excruciating torments of the tooth-ache, to call as above, and have the disease eradicated, and the pain forever and entirely removed. This medicine not only